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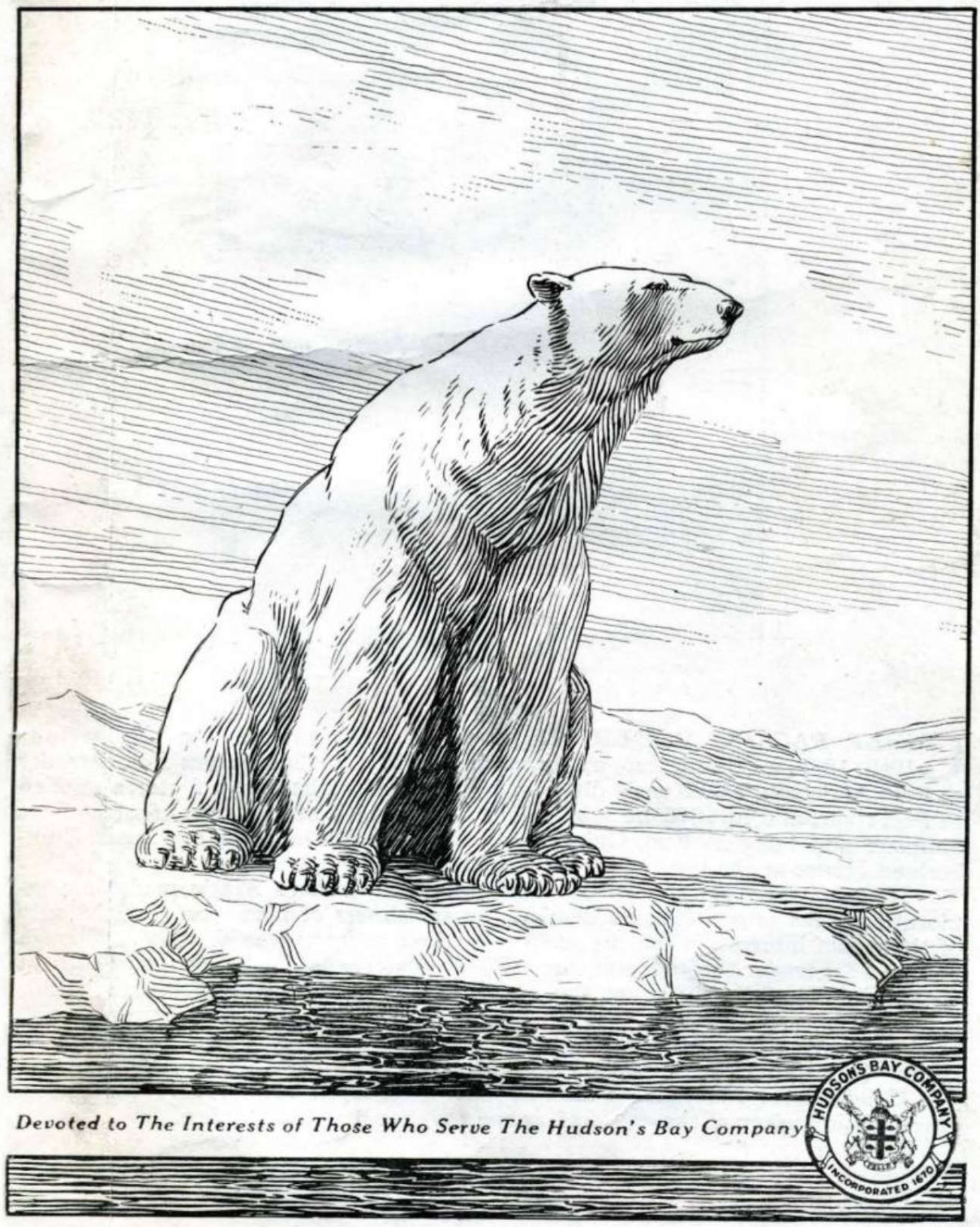
The Beaver

A Journal of Progress



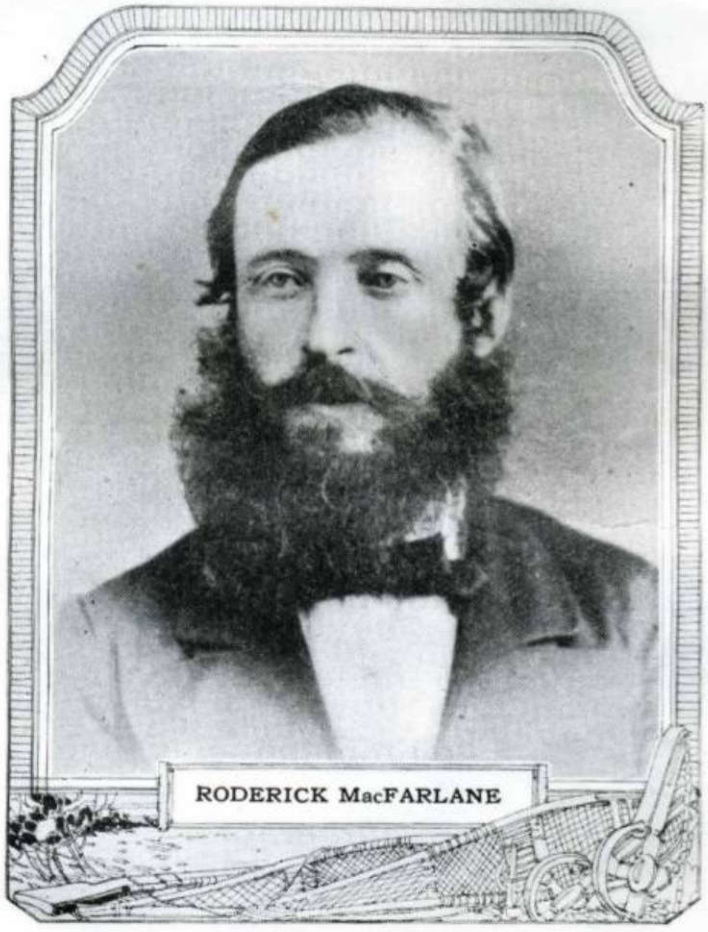
Devoted to The Interests of Those Who Serve The Hudson's Bay Company

NAN-NOOK, King of the North. (See Page 238)

"The Men of the Hudson's Bay"

—OLDTIME FUR TRADE OFFICERS OF THE "GREAT COMPANY"

II



RODERICK MacFARLANE

CHIEF FACTOR RODERICK MacFARLANE entered the service June 10th, 1852, aged nineteen, as apprentice clerk. In 1868 he was a chief trader at Fort Anderson, MacKenzie district; by 1872 he had become a factor, stationed at Peel river, and in 1875 he was a chief factor, with headquarters first at Fort Simpson and later at Fort Chipewyan. Mr. MacFarlane was serving at Cumberland House at the time of his retirement in 1895.

He received from the British admiralty the Queen's Arctic medal for exploration. An imperialist, he decried the selfishness of men who thought only of their own interests when the welfare of their country was at stake. Though he was a fur trader through and through, Mr. MacFarlane was a constant student of the wild life of the north country, and found time for some writing and scientific investigation. His commentary on northern mammals, birds and eggs, as well as the record of some of his travels, is to be found in "Through the Mackenzie Basin" (Mair and MacFarlane).

Chief Factor MacFarlane died at Winnipeg, April 12th, 1920. Our photograph of him, taken at the age of 35, is one that has been seen by few.

Early Expeditions of H.B.C. Men in Territory Now Part of U.S.

McLaughlin and Ross, Factors for the Great Company, Led the Fur Brigades Over What Is Now Oregon, Washington, Montana, Utah and Idaho

Arranged by J. PREST

HOW many Canadians know that much of the area of what is now the states of Utah, Montana, Idaho, Oregon, Washington and California were explored and indeed in the possession of the Hudson's Bay Company at one time? The following narrative gives a brief summary of one of the H.B.C. expeditions to the south of the present international line. The story has been compiled from old memoirs in the archives at Hudson's Bay House, London, England, and published in Agnes C. Laut's book, "The Conquest of the Great North-West."

In 1784, John McLaughlin was sent west to what is now Oregon. He was a man of immense stature, measuring six feet three inches in height; a giant, fitted for such a task. McLaughlin was destined to rule over an area half the size of Europe. His first step was to found a fort at the tidewater of the Columbia river. This was called Fort Vancouver. Spruce slabs half a foot thick, twenty feet high, sharp at both ends and in double rows, composed the walls. Great gates with brass hinges extending half way across the top and bottom beams opened leaf-wise toward the river.

On the northwest corner stood a bastion whose lower stories served as powder magazine and upper windows as look-out. Cannon bristled throughout the double palisades of the fort. At one side of the main gate was the customary wicket through which goods could be exchanged for furs.

The big, two-story, timbered house in the center of the court was the residence of the chief factor. On both sides were stores, warehouses, fur presses and the bachelors' quarters, and the little log cabins where lived the married trappers.

Trim lawns, decorated with little rockeries of cannon balls, divided the different buildings, and in front of the chief factor's residence on the top of a large flagpole there blew to the breeze the flag with the letters H.B.C.—sign that a brigade was coming in, or a brigade setting out; or a ship was sighted; or it was Sunday, and the flying flag was signal to the Indians there would be no trade.

From this central point other fur trading posts were soon established. First Fort Okanagan, with Alexander Ross in charge. The Blackfeet, Piegans and Crow Indians were the first customers of these lonely posts of the Hudson's Bay Company.

A better man than Ross could not have been sent into this field. He was both religious and scholarly, but either the intense loneliness of the life or the danger of being among the Indians without a companion, drove him into marriage with a daughter of the Okanagans. This wife became one of the grand old ladies of the Red River Settlement when Ross retired to Manitoba.

Beaver must be sought as usual at the headwaters of the Missouri and the Yellowstone and the Big Horn and, to reach those headwaters for the spring hunt, Ross must do his buffalo hunting in mid-winter. The mountain passes must be traversed through bottomless depths of snow, for the climate was so mild no crust formed, and above the tree line in the cloud region was a fall of snow almost continuous for the winter months till the precipices overhung with dangerous snow cornices of ponderous weight and the cut-rocks were heaped into huge snow mushrooms.

But Ross was no novice at snow work in the mountains. One of his first winters at Okanagan, he had become so desperately lonely that he decided to pay a three-day visit to his next door neighbour at Spokane House,

one hundred and fifty miles away. The country was rocky and the trail steep. Coming home the horses had fagged so completely climbing the last mountain that Ross and his Iroquois Indian servants dismounted to beat the way up through the snow for the animals to follow. It was not easy work. Snow cornices broke under the weight, and down men and horses slithered in miniature avalanche. The soft crust of drift over rocks broke, plunging the path makers in snow to their armpits, and all the while the way was zig-zagging up till Ross and his Indians were blowing with heat like whales.

First pack straps came off, then gun cases, then coats and waistcoats, to be hung on the saddle pommels. A sharp turn in the trail brought them suddenly on one of those high, bare Alpine meadows where Arctic storms sweep when flowers may be blooming in the valley.

Before they could find their horses darkness and snow so completely hid everything Ross could only shout against the wind for the men to shift for themselves and let the horses run. Then he realized that he was without either coat or buffalo blanket. Luckily, a bewildered pack horse jammed against him in the whirl. Ross gripped the saddle straps, cut the pack ropes, threw off the load, and leaped astride the saddle trees with no other blanket than the patch of wool that served as saddle cloth. Certain that he was near Okanagan, he rode like mad through the howling darkness, but the floundering broncho fagged in the drifts and Ross became so numb he could not keep his seat.

Dismounting, he tried to keep himself warm by walking, but was soon so exhausted he could only cling to the warm body of the horse. Tying the saddle cloth round his neck, he tried to dig a hole of shelter in the snow, but there his feet became so cold he had to take off his boots to keep from freezing, and passed the night in a frantic effort against the frost-sleep. In the morning he was too stiff to mount his horse. He had no strength to beat the wind, and had almost determined to kill his horse and crawl inside the body, when the storm began to lessen. To his relief Okanagan house was only a short distance away. When trappers went out to rescue the Indians of the party, they found one horse dead, torn to pieces by the wolves. Ross knew mountain travel.

It was February 11, 1824, when Ross struck east from Coeur d'Alene lake to cross the mountains of Idaho and Montana for the buffalo plains. Between Okanagan and Spokane House he had succeeded in mustering twelve Hudson's Bay trappers, Iroquois most of them, with a few Canadians. Of the freemen who roved the mountains, forty-three joined Ross's brigade.

In all there were forty-five men, two hundred and six traps, sixty-two guns, including a large brass cannon, and two hundred and thirty horses.

In a few days they were on Horse Prairie, where roved herds of wild Spanish ponies claimed by the Flatheads and valued at four beaver skins each. Passing travellers might seize these horses, but woe betide them if full value were not left in beaver skins.

Without warning the Flatheads would pursue and exact a scalp for each horse stolen. From the outset Ross had trouble with his men on account of a company of American traders being in the field who were offering $5.00 for beaver, whereas the H.B.C. were offering their traders $1.00 and $2.00. For the first month, the mid-winter month when all game is scarce, no beaver were seen.

Snow storms met the marchers as they neared the mountains, and on the 13th of February Ross awakened to find that the Iroquois hunters had deserted. Mounting posthaste, Ross pursued, overtook the seceders and demanded the cause of their complaint. They complained that the price allowed for their furs was so small in proportion to the exorbitant advance on goods that they were never able to pay debts, much less make money, and declared they would not risk their lives any more.

"The Iroquois," declared Mr. Ogden, "last fall had been promised they should be paid half in currency. I told them that promise would be performed. They grumbled and talked, and talked and grumbled, and at last consented to proceed. Thinks I to myself, is this the beginning?" Four days later the first beaver was caught, but only the toes were left in the trap. Wolves had howled all night round the

camp. To avoid future mutiny, Ross appointed three leaders—Old Pierre at the head of the Iroquois, Montour of the half-breeds, and himself for the Company's trappers—the three to meet each night and exchange the views of the camp.

On February 23rd, the brigade struck into that defile of the mountains between the Rockies, east, and the Bitter Root, west, along the trail from what is now from Butte and Missoula to De Smet and Kootenay.

They had left Clarke's Fork and were on Hell Gate river, "so named," explains Ross, "from being frequented by war parties of roving Blackfeet." While the brigade camped there came a tinkle of dog bells over the snow, and eight Piegans appeared, driving loaded dog sleds with provisions to trade in the Flathead country. Before Ross could stop them, his rascally Iroquois were out of the leather lodges with a whoop and flare of firearms and had stripped the poor Piegans naked, leaving not so much as a piece of fat on their sleighs.

There was nothing for Ross to do but "pay treble the value of the trash" and invite the victims into his own lodge. As the Piegans were going off the next day, he gave them a salute of honor from the brass gun, "just to show them," he explains "that it makes a noise." Barely was this trouble over when two Iroquois again deserted. After them on horseback rode Ross, with Old Pierre as lieutenant. "Partly by persuasion and partly by force," he relates, "we put them on horseback and brought them back to camp before dark."

It was necessary to reach the buffalo plains and get the store of pemmican before the spring hunt. Already it was March, and Ross found himself in a narrow mountain canyon three hundred miles from any post, the trail forward blocked by snow twelve feet deep for twenty miles. No time for mutineers to plot. Day-dawn to dark for a week Ross sent his men forward to cut a way through the snow, the horses disappearing altogether through the soft drifts in their plunges, and the end of a week saw only three miles clear, with a howling blizzard that filled up the trench as fast as the trappers could work. Ross kept his men too busy to think of turning back, and sent forward a fresh relay of horses to stamp the way open. The end of another week saw eight miles clear, but storm kept the men idle in camp for a day, and that day worked the mischief with discipline. "John Grey, a turbulent Iroquois, came to my lodge as spokesman to inform me he and ten others had resolved to turn back. I asked him why? He said this delay would lose the spring hunt. Anyway, the Iroquois were not engaged to dig snow and make roads. I told him I was surprised to hear a good, quiet, honest fellow would utter such cowardly words. (God forgive me for the lie). I said by going back they would lose the whole year's hunt. A change in the weather any day now might allow us to begin hunting. It was dangerous for us to separate. John answered he was no slave to work in this way. I told him he was a freeman of good character and to be careful to keep his character good. (God forgive me, in my heart I thought otherwise; I saw him in his true colors, a turbulent blackguard, a rascal, a low trouble maker.) He said, 'Fair words are all very well, but back I am going to go.' I thought a moment. Then I said, 'You are no stronger than other men. Stopped you will be. I will stop you.' He said he would like to see the man who could stop him. I said, 'I can.' Old Pierre interrupted by coming in, and John went off cursing the Company, the brigade, the country, the day he came to it. If his party deserts, this trip will fail. So another day ends."

That night, as the fires were smoldering and the hobbled bronchos huddling about the lodge for shelter from the wind, a furious barking of dogs aroused camp, and the shout of "Enemies, enemies, Blackfeet," brought the trappers dashing out, muskets in hand. The fire inside a tepee is too good a target for attack. Outside, even in storm, is safer, but the snow-muffled forms emerging from the wooly darkness proved to be no enemies at all, but six friendly Nez Perces who had come from the buffalo hunt across the mountains on snowshoes. Five days the journey had taken. They reported buffalo in plenty but the snow deeper farther down the canyon.

Taking advantage of the diversion

created, Ross sent for John, the mutineer, and offered to reduce his debt to the Company "if the intriguing scamp would hunt the hills for game to keep the camp in meat." John disposed of, Ross called for thirty volunteers to go back over the mountain on snowshoes with the Nez Perces to the buffalo hunt. With thirty men across the mountains, there was no danger of the rest turning back. Storm was followed by thaw; that increased the pasturage for the horses, sent the Indian women picking cranberries in the marshes and set the snowslides rumbling down the mountains like thunder. Birds were singing in the canyon, geese winging north overhead, but still the snow lay packed like a wedge in the pass, barring the way for horses or cannon. "I feel anxious, very anxious of our long delay here," writes Ross at the end of a month. "The people grumble much. That sly, deep dog of an Iroquois, Laurent, deserted camp today before I knew. A more head-strong, ill-designing set of rascals than form this camp God never permitted together in the fur trade." In a few weeks the buffalo hunters were back with stores of meat, which the squaws began to pound into pemmican, but the sun glare had been so strong on the unsheltered slopes of the uplands that six of the hunters were led home snow-blind. This discouraged the free-men, fickle as children, and rebellion began to brew again. In vain Ross called a council and went from lodge to lodge and urged and ordered, and pleaded and bribed. Not a man but Old Pierre, the Iroquois, would go to work to clear the road. The nights were spent in gambling, the days in grumbling, and Old Cadiac, a half-breed, had made himself an Indian drum or tom-tom, of buffalo skin stretched on bare hoops.

John Grey, the rebel, had uncased his fiddle and was filing away all night to the Red River jig and native dances of Indian pow-wow. Ross proposed the camp should give a concert. A concert meant that a dram of liquor would go the rounds. Two or three lodges were thrown into one. Vanished into thin air the mutinous mood of the rebels.

Hither came Cadiac with the tom-tom of the Indian drum. Hither John Grey, the Iroquois, scraping his fiddle strings with the glee of a troubadour. Hither halfbreeds with concertinas, shaggy hunters with Jews' harps, and French-Canadians with fifes. The night was danced away with such wild western jigs as Hell Gate has never seen before and did not see again till the mountains resounded to the music halls of the tin-horn gamblers in the construction days of the railway.

When morning came over the hills, Ross sprung his surprise. Whether the surprise was mixed with what cheered the French half-breeds' inner man, he does not tell. With a whoop and hurrah, he proposed they all go down the pass and dig that snow out to the strains of John Grey's fiddle. The sun was coming over the mountains. The hunters were happy as grown-up children. What did the old snow matter anyway! Off they went. John Grey, the arch rebel, literally fiddling them through the mountains. But, alas! four days later, when the novelty or spree had worn off, on the morning of April 14th, every man of the camp except seven refused to go to work. However, it was the last mile of the blockade, and those seven cleared the way. "Thursday, April 15th. This day we passed the defile of the mountains, after a most laborious journey both for man and beast. Long before daylight we were on the road, in order to profit by the hardness of the crust before the thaw. From the bottom to the top of the mountains is about one and a half miles. On the one side is the source of the Flathead river, on the other of the Missouri. The latter creek runs south-southeast through the mountains till it joins a branch of the Missouri beyond Grand Prairie. For twelve miles the road had been made through five feet of snow, but the wind had filled it up again. The last eight miles we had to force our way through snow gullies, swimming the horses through in plunges. At 4 p.m. we encamped on the other side of the defile without accident. Distance today, eighteen miles, though only a mile and a half as the crow flies. This delay has cost the loss of one month. We encamp to make lodge poles for the rest of the journey."

From the journals sent in by Ross to Hudson's Bay House, it is hard to follow the exact itinerary of his move-

ments for the next two months, nor do the books which he wrote of his life in the west throw much light on the locale of his travels. Wherever there were beaver and buffalo the brigade marched. One week the men were spread out in different parties on the three forks of the Missouri; another week they were on the headwaters of the Yellowstone of the National Park of Wyoming. They did not go eastward beyond sight of the mountains, but swung back and forward between Montana and Wyoming.

Ross now swung west over the Bitter Root mountains to Salmon river, following the path of the modern Oregon Short Line railway from Salt Lake to the Northern Pacific. So has it always been in America. Not the bridge builder, but the fur trader has been the pathfinder for the railway.

On leaving the middle fork of the Missouri, he refers to one of those wilderness tragedies of which word comes down to latter day life like a ghost echo of some primordial warfare. "Passed a deserted Piegan camp of thirth-six lodges, rendered memorable as the place where ten Piegan murderers of our people were burnt to death. The road through the mountains from the Missouri to Salmon river is a Blackfoot Pass of a most dangerous sort for lurking enemies, and yet the freemen insist on going out in twos and twos. Three people slept out of camp by their traps. I had to threaten not to give a single ball to them if they did not obey rules. Fifty-five beaver today."

Ross now scattered his trappers from the valley of the Three Tetons north along the tributaries of the Snake in Idaho. One Sunday night, (Ross always compelled his trappers to dress for Sunday and hold prayers) two French-Canadian freemen ran into camp with moccasins torn to shreds and a breathless story. Contrary to rules, they had wandered in quest of game forty miles away, sleeping whereever night found them, with no food but what they carried in a blanket on their backs.

"On their way to our camp, they saw a smoke and, taking it for our people, had advanced within pistol shot when, behold, it proved to be a camp of Piegans. Wheeling, they had hardly time to take shelter among a few willows when they were surrounded by armed warriors on horseback. Placing their own horses between themselves and the enemy, our two men squatted on the grass to conceal themselves. The Piegans advanced within five paces, capering and yelling, cocksure of their prey. The women had gathered to act a willing part, armed with lances. The two crept through mud and water out of sight, and when night came escaped, abandoning horses, saddles, traps and all. They had travelled on foot after dark the entire distance, hiding by day."

By June Ross had a thousand beaver. But the Piegans had followed up the trail of the two escaping men. "Saturday, 19th, had a fight. This morning, when all hands were at their traps scattered by twos and only ten men left in the camp, forty Blackfeet, all mounted, descended on us at full speed. The trappers were so scattered they could render each other no assistance, and took to their heels among the brushwood, throwing beaver one way, traps another. Jacques and John Grey were pursued on the open plain. Seeing their horses could not save them, our two heroes wheeled and rode pell-mell into the enemy. The Piegans asked them to exchange guns. They refused. The chief seized Jacques' rifle, but Jacques jerked it free, saying in Piegan, 'If you wish to kill us, kill us at once; but our guns you shall never get while we are alive.' The Piegans smiled, shook hands, asked where the camp was, and ordered the men to lead the way to it. With pulses beating Jacques and John advanced with the unwelcome guests to the camp, a distance of eight miles.

"A little before arriving, Jacques broke away at full speed from his captors, whooping and yelling, 'Blackfeet, Blackfeet.' In an instant camp was in an uproar. Of the ten men in camp, eight rushed to save the horses. Myself and the other instantly pointed the big gun, lighted the match and sent the women away. The party hove in sight. Seeing John with them restrained me from firing. I signalled them to pause. Our horses were then secured. I received the Indians coldly.

"All our people had time to reach camp and take up a position of defense. I invited the Indians to smoke. After dark, they entertained us to music and dancing, which we would gladly have

dispensed with. All slept armed. In the morning I gave the Piegans presents and told them to be off and play no tricks as we would follow them and punish them. The big gun did it. Sixty-five beaver to-day."

Moving down Snake river in October, Ross met a party of Americans from the Big Horn from Major Henry's brigade, of St. Louis. They had nine hundred beaver, but would not sell to Ross. Ross reached Spokane House with about $18,000 of fur in November.

A Retrospect

By CHAS. H. M. GORDON

AS I sit in my favorite nook this Sunday afternoon enjoying my after-dinner smoke, my mind reverts back to a former period in the history of Fort Alexander.

In imagination I can see Iberville and his band of noble associates kneeling in a little church in Montreal as the mass is slowly chanted at the altar. They are all armed and have taken an oath to go to Hudson Bay to win back the forts taken by the English.

I can see them pass around the bend of the river and hear them sing a hymn to the blessed Virgin for protection before crossing stormy Lake Winnipeg; I can see their long bark canoes, with their lofty prows, the paddles noiselessly cleaving the water with the precision of pendulums. I can hear the refrain of their song "Qui Vive, Qui Vive" in the dawn—and then the scene changes.

Instead of these gallant adventurers, I see all bustle and confusion. The old flag is run up to the top of the flagmast, and there is a cry that Sir George Simpson's canoe is in sight. The bank is lined with spectators. Nothing could be more picturesque than his crew of Iroquois Indians dressed in corduroy trousers, striped shirts, L'Assomption belts around their waists and moccasins on their feet. I can see the factor meet him at the landing and escort him to the council chamber. I can hear the laughter in the dining room as the wine goes round, whilst the table creaks with the weight of the choicest country produce, buffalo meat, venison, marrow, tongues, and pemmican.

And then out of the mist I can see Ballantyne's canoe go past on its way from York Factory to Montreal. Robert M. Ballantyne—what a name to conjure with! Think of such masterpieces for boys as "The Young Fur Trader," "Ungava," "Hudson's Bay," the perusal of which was the cause of many a Scottish lad leaving his home in some highland glen to live a life of adventure in the wilds of Canada.

Then in my imagination I can see the long snake-like flotilla of York boats starting on their perilous journey to such distant points as Norway House and York Factory, taking out bundles of rich fur for shipment to England and to bring back merchandise for trade. I can hear the shouts and laughter of the *voyageurs* in the distance as they row around the point at the mouth of the river before being lost to sight on Lake Winnipeg; St. Jean de Mainville, bowsman — the descendant, probably, of some old French aristocrat, a dying race of stalwarts whom neither field, nor flood, nor storm could deter.

But what do I really see? Instead of Iberville and his band of associates singing the "Qui Vive" as they paddle past, I see old *Soonkan*, too lazy to paddle, slowly sail past in a leaky skiff, heading for the trader's store with (ye gods!) a stump of a cigarette in his mouth.

Instead of the noble band of *voyageurs* about to take *la longue traverse*, I can hear Gus ask what proportion of oil he has to mix with the gasoline, and in place of the rhythmic sound of oars I can hear the chuck-chuck of the gasoline boat as it starts to the beach for freight.

Officers and Crew of the H.B. Ss. Fort McMurray. District Manager C. C. Sinclair at centre of group.

Tenacity and Perseverance of the H.B.C. Fur Trader

By J. W. ANDERSON

ON October 1st, 1922, George Linklater, pensioner and gold medallist (two bars), left Attawapiskat in charge the the H.B.C. schooner *Fort Charles* with a cargo for Trout river, situated some forty miles south of Weenusk post.

On nearing Cape Henrietta Maria, the vessel ran into head winds and was forced to anchor.

Deciding to take advantage of the delay, Captain Linklater sent men ashore to replenish his supply of fuel and fresh water, remaining on board himself with one man to give an eye to the vessel. To all appearances a very wise decision, but a proceeding which turned out very nearly disastrous to the schooner. About the time the foragers were ready to return to their vessel, a gale sprang up and prevented them, their only means of doing so being by canoe.

As the schooner was in shallow water Linklater was forced to lift anchor as best he could and run out to sea. The hoisting of the sail was a Herculean task for two men, for the wind caught the spreading canvas, flapped it with a report like a gun-shot and threatened to snatch it away. The gale blew continuously for five days.

For five days Linklater, with his crew of one man, worked and manoeuvered his ship, running close in with the hope of picking up his crew, when the tide served and out to sea again when it ebbed, the vessel drifting farther and farther south at every attempt.

Meanwhile the men on shore were having troubles of their own. On their first attempt to go out to the schooner a terrific surf threw their canoe against a rock and smashed it, the men with difficulty wading ashore. The wood and cask of fresh water was claimed by the sea. Thus rendered helpless, the poor fellows could do nothing but watch the disappearance and reappearance of their flying-Dutchman-like vessel, which, by the time the storm had abated, had drifted as far south as Opinaga. Eventually the stranded crew were taken out to their ship by one of the Opinaga Indians. Captain Linklater hoisted sail and headed for Trout river post again, and this time with better success, reaching his objective and returning to Attawapiskat without any further untoward occurrence.

The Land of Silence

(Continued from last issue)

By GEORGE R. RAY, Moose Factory
Author of Kasba (William Briggs)

CHAPTER XXII

The Box Couch

PASS we to the mission.

"Really, dear, this is a bitter cold night," said Reverend Armstrong, rubbing his hands briskly together as he and Marjorie MacDonald entered the sitting room an hour later; and taking an armful of fuel from the indispensable woodbox he made up the fire.

A terrible gust of wind shook the building. At this a slight cry escaped the girl, and at the same time she made an involuntary gesture of dismay; but the man's back was turned toward her and her state of nervous agitation happily passed unnoticed.

"You must go and lie down for an hour or two. It is a little after four o'clock," he announced looking at his watch.

"Oh, it is horrible, so cruelly horrible," cried the girl chokingly, covering her face with her hands, her mind beaten and buffeted into dizziness by the succession of terrible shocks.

"Yes, dear," said the man soothingly, "it is truly horrible. But all will come right. My good friend, your father, can never be so far out of his senses as to believe anything but good of you. Depend upon it, he will be over here at daybreak asking your forgiveness for his harshness. He was more than a little put out, my dear. You defied him."

"No, no!" protested the girl, scarcely knowing what she said. In truth she was thinking of Bob wandering alone in that terrible blizzard, and was so completely overcome by her fears for his safety that she hardly knew the purport of her thoughts or actions. "Oh, Mr. Armstrong," she burst out despairingly, "I am very sorry for what I have done. I have made a complete mess of things; I did it all for the best and now—" A still greater gust of wind struck the house. Both glanced involuntarily towards the window, which threatened to fall into the room. "Hear that! Oh, Bob," she cried with a catch in her throat, "in my folly I have killed you!"

Her companion started and looked at her intently.

"Your folly? Robert?" he questioned, slowly, puzzled. "Speak; what do you mean?"

Recovering herself again on the instant, Marjorie spoke with as much composure as she could assume.

"Oh, I did not mean that, exactly. Bear with me, dear friend, for I am distraught and do not know what I say."

"Well, you have good reason," Armstrong told her after a slight pause. "And now, my dear, to bed." With that he opened a door leading into a bedroom off the apartment, gently but firmly pushed her in, went in himself and lit a lamp which stood on the dressing table, and then came out and pulled the door shut.

"It is strange, strange—all very incomprehensible and strange," he muttered to himself, shaking his head sorrowfully and turning down the light, which he put out with one lusty blow. Then he felt his way out of the room.

After some little time, Marjorie's door opened and she appeared in the doorway fully dressed and carrying a lamp. Stepping into the room, she placed the lamp upon the table, then moved to the window and, letting up the blind, stood looking out. Thick clouds of snow struck the window continuously and prevented her from seeing a yard before her.

The storm raged. At every blast the girl shuddered and shivered and moaned.

"Oh, oh!" she deplored in fearful apprehension, realizing to the full her responsibility for Bob's desperate situation. "Oh, Bob, why did I persuade you to escape!" The wind, as if mocking and deriding her, shrieked anew and the snow swept against the window panes in clouds of blinding drift.

For perhaps half an hour she stood so, scarcely mistress of her senses, and then suddenly she started and leaned towards the window. An exclamation escaped her; for the indistinct form of a man stood without, peering into the room. For an instant she remained perfectly still, staring, her heart beating hard. Then, with a gasping cry of recognition, immensely excited and with joyous countenance, she swiftly threw up the window. But to her chagrin the storm-sash outside barred an entrance that way. So, half crying with vexation, she shut the window again and drew the blind that none could see in. Then she flew noiselessly across the room and out of the door. Soon she reappeared followed by Bob Armstrong.

He was laughing quietly and beating the snow off himself with his fur cap, the girl fussing about him.

"Oh, Bob, dear Bob," she cried, "thank Heaven you are safe." Then she threw herself bodily upon him, her arms around his neck.

He held her tight, still laughing quietly.

The storm cast its cutting ice dust against the window panes with tremendous force.

"Listen to that, and to think that I sent you out into that awful blizzard, alone!" She pressed his cold cheek against hers; a tear trembled on her eyelash.

"But you forget, dear," he reminded her. "It was not blowing when I started."

"But you are frozen," she informed him anxiously, releasing herself and examining him critically from head to foot. "You must be frozen."

"No, no, I am not," he assured her, tossing aside his cap, which fell behind the woodbox. He caught her hands. "I am as tough as nails. But I very foolishly lost my way in the drift. After wandering about for hours, I found myself outside this house. I must have turned a complete circle, which was a good thing for me after all, for the packet will not leave the post in this blizzard. But tell me," he asked all of a sudden, "how is it that I find *you* here?"

Oddly enough it had not till now struck him as strange that Marjorie should be found at the mission at that early hour.

"Oh, I—I—" she began to stammer. "Why you see, I came here with your father. He was very upset after you went away."

"But it was very late when you left me," reflected the young man, greatly puzzled. "Why, it must have been after midnight when you reached home. Yet I find you here now; you were standing at the window when I came. There is some mystery here. Explain!"

"I have told you already. I came here with your father."

"Yes, my dear girl, you told me that; but still I do not understand. How came my father to stay so late at your place?"

"He was staying the night—"

"Hem! But changed his mind at an hour when he should have been in bed and asleep. Curious!" He remained silent a moment, turning the matter over. Then he said quickly, "I know! Your father discovered your absence and there was a scene." Again he paused. "Yet that would be strange, too; for I fancy he would connive at my escape."

"Of course he would," agreed the girl quickly, "but you see I dared not tell him, for your fa—er— I mean I did not explain where I had been."

"But, why?"

"I did not think it wise, just then; and there was, as you say, a scene. You know my father. He let the MacDonald temper run away with him. He used violent language, speaking to me like he had never spoken before. He called me —" she suddenly checked herself and blushed painfully.

"Ah!"

"Your father tried to prevail upon him to be calm. But interference only served to make him more angry and obdurate, till at last he—he called me (sob)— We came away." She was sobbing on Bob's shoulder.

"My poor girl, your silence cost you dear," he soothed.

"Even—to the—hazard—of—of my good name," she blundered on, blushing amazingly.

"Your good name!" repeated the man with horrified amazement. "Good Heavens! and because of me! But it shall not be." Gently putting her aside, he made toward the door.

"No, no, for mercy's sake," cried the girl, rushing after and clinging to him. "What would you do? I did not mean that. Think; it will be easy to undeceive my father later, when your innocence is established."

"He shall know now," said Bob decisively, trying to disengage himself. But she clung the tighter, and would not release him. "You shall not live under this shadow a moment longer. This unfortunate tangle shall be straightened out at once. Your father shall learn the truth."

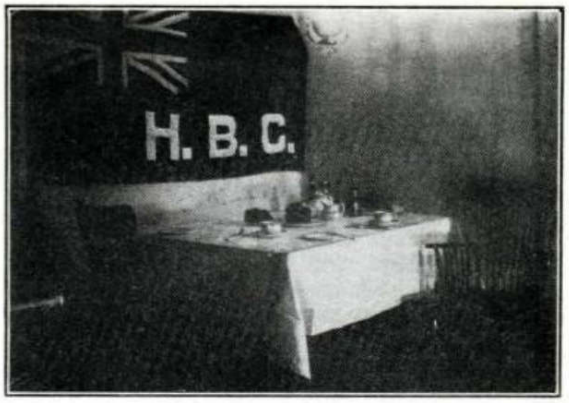
Instantly the girl's arms dropped to her side. "Yes," she said calmly and with emphasis, "the *whole* truth."

"The *whole* truth?"

"Yes, admit my brother's guilt and there will be no further need of deception."

"That," exclaimed Bob, in a tone that was unmistakable, "I will not do."

"Then, you must leave me to undeceive my father in my own way and in my own time," said Marjorie, fully as determined as he.



AT POND'S INLET, new post of H.B.C., 1700 miles north of Winnipeg and not many miles from the pole. Table shown in readiness for the first Christmas dinner in total darkness, December 25th, 1921.

He turned with a gesture of resignation.

"Very well, you win. Now, what next?"

Before the girl made answer there came a loud knocking at the front door. She clutched her companion excitedly by the arm.

"Who can that be at this hour? Quick!" dragging him to her bedroom door. "It must be that horrid inspector. He has tracked you here." She attempted to push him into the room, but, gently resisting her, he stepped back.

"This is your room?" he asked quietly.

"Yes, dear," replied the girl, not understanding the import of his question. "Quick, hide in there; your father is opening the door." And again she attempted to force him into the room.

"No, not in there," he decided firmly.

"Why not?" she pleaded. Then suddenly, as if divining his reason, "Come, Bob, don't be quixotic," she added sharply, and then paused abruptly, listening intently.

The front door was heard to open and close. Her quick ear caught the sound of voices.

"Yes," she announced excitedly, "it is the inspector. You must hide, or you will be taken after all."

"I would rather be taken than be discovered hiding in your bedroom," he said resolutely.

The situation was desperate.

"Oh, Bob, this is no time for silly scruples," cried the girl half hysterically. "Besides, they will not dare to search my room." Once more she tried to push him forward, but he was as immovable as the rock of Gibraltar.

"No, if I must hide, it shall not be in there."

Footsteps were heard approaching.

"Oh! oh! oh, what shall we do?" cried the girl wildly, running toward the door as if to bar entrance. But as she did so, her eye fell on a box couch standing against the wall near the door, and she suddenly ran back to the man again. Dragging him forward, she held back the lid of this ponderous piece of furniture while he, half protesting, stepped inside and lay down; then she dropped the lid gingerly. She shook herself together, saying in a severe voice, "Now, Marjorie MacDonald, keep your wits about you." Blowing out the light, she threw herself upon the couch, face to the wall, just as the door opened and Reverend Armstrong, carrying a lamp, ushered in Inspector Blake, the corporal, and Constable Wilkins.

CHAPTER XXIII

A Near Thing

"WE have spent hours looking for him," Inspector Blake was telling Armstrong as they entered.

Marjorie was listening intently, but without turning her head or changing a muscle of her face. Her nerve was as firm as steel now.

"You astound me!" returned the clergyman, his eyes anxiously riveted on the speaker's face. "But how did he manage to escape? Did no one see him go?"

"It seems not," answered the officer, irritably. "I was away with Constable Wilkins at the time. The corporal here," he paused and fixed that worthy with an accusing glance, "was asleep."

The culprit flushed guiltily, appearing to feel very uncomfortable under the gaze of his officer. Wilkins looked at him slyly and grinned behind his hand, evidently enjoying his comrade's discomfiture.

Blake continued: "He says he left your son at the camp fire talking to the Indian chief, and when he woke up the young man was gone."

"But *Kamenowaytum!*"

"Oh, he fell asleep too. He says he knows nothing, but I have my suspicions." Blake paused a moment; then continued warmly: "I do not think that I have been treated at all fairly. Your son was under arrest, it is true, but in very easy custody. He has acted very shabbily. I thought better of him. Under these circumstances, you will understand I do not wish to lose sight of the young gentleman altogether."

"My boy, my poor misguided boy!" groaned the distressed father.

"He is not here, you say?"

"Would to God he were! With what joy would I surrender him. Anything would be better than this. Alone! *lost!* in a terrible blizzard."

"But are you sure? It was impossible to track him in the storm, but I felt certain he would come here. Of course, if you say he did not it is sufficient. I am satisfied. There will be no need to search the house."

"But you must," insisted the clergyman with old-time spirit. "I would not have you neglect your duty in the least particular. I do not ask it, not can I allow it."

"Yet you say he is not here. Could he have entered without your knowledge?"

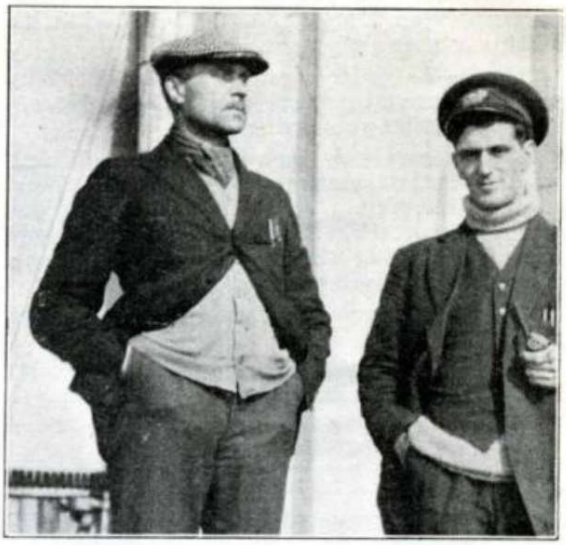
"By several ways; my doors are never locked. Please begin your search."

But Blake did not stir. His eyes were fixed on the recumbent figure on the couch, at sight of which his face became white as marble. He stared amazed and perturbed, as if he sensed in the young girl's presence a conspiracy.

Receiving no reply, Reverend Armstrong looked sharply at the officer, followed the direction of his gaze and found Marjorie. For an instant he stood staring at the girl with an expression of surprise.

"Why, it is Marjorie," he said at last, and, walking to the couch he stood looking down at her with an affectionate gaze. "She preferred sleeping out here, it seems," he went on half to himself. "I wonder why? Poor child, she is quite played out." He hovered over her a few moments more, then, with a deep sigh, he turned to the officer. "She is making a short stay with me," he explained.

Blake received the information with a bow.



J. HERODIET and J. W. NICHOLS, post managers of Pond's Inlet and Netchelik (Baffin Island) H.B.C. posts respectively. The former is the northernmost post of the Company in the polar belt.

"Come, Inspector," Armstrong went on briskly, turning his back on the girl, "where do you propose to start?"

"You must have heard him, if he had come here," said Blake reflectively. "You sit here mostly?"

"Yes, but I was not at home this evening. I have not been back long."

"Ah! And Miss MacDonald, she came with you?"

The clergyman nodded.

"Hem! that may account for it."

"For what?"

"Her lying there asleep without disrobing."

"Er, yes."

The two men looked each other in the eyes for a few seconds, each endeavouring to discover something of what was in the other's mind. Armstrong's eyes were sad and full of trouble, while Blake's were keenly alert and suspicious. The lust of the man-hunter was upon him.

"About how long have you been back?" Blake asked him presently.

"Probably an hour."

"And when you came you saw no sign of anyone having been here in your absence?" asked the inspector, watching him narrowly.

"None, whatever," replied Armstrong, without hesitation.

"Strange; yet I felt sure he would come here." The officer stood for some moments in deep thought. Presently the partly open door of Marjorie's room caught his attention. He walked toward it and disappeared within. For a short time he was heard moving about the room. Then he returned.

"He is not there," he announced.

Once more his attention became fixed on the girl. He moved over quietly and critically examined the couch.

"This is a box couch?" he asked the parson.

Marjorie's heart leapt to her throat.

"Yes," replied Armstrong. "But pray do not disturb that poor child."

For answer Blake bent over the prostrate form. He remained so for a few moments;

then, straightening his back, he turned to the clergyman with a peculiar smile on his lips, and threw the corporal a glance which announced to the latter that his officer thought he had made a discovery.

"I am afraid I must. I loathe to disturb her, but I *would* like to see what is inside this couch."

Whilst the man was speaking Reverend Armstrong moved to his side.

"There is nothing—at least—" he paused abruptly, struck with a sudden thought. He remembered Marjorie's strange conduct; her refusal to account for her evening, her agonized words to himself, her anguish, her terror and dismay at the storm, and many other things, all so foreign to the nature of this obedient, loving, matter-of-fact, plucky girl. Was it possible that, after all, Marjorie had assisted Robert to escape? that she knew his place of hiding? had in fact hidden him? These and such like questions puzzled his brain. Then he blamed himself for a suspicious fool.

"It would be a pity to disturb her," he said at length. "You see for yourself she is very sound asleep."

"She certainly appears to be," said Blake.

"Ah! you are suspicious?"

The officer nodded.

"Very well. I hate to do it, but I will carry the poor child into the other room and lay her on the bed."

He was in the act of taking her up in his arms, when there came a sharp knock at the front door.

"Ah! What's that?" asked Blake sharply.

The knock was repeated.

"There is someone at the door," announced Armstrong, standing erect.

"Evidently," returned Blake with a smile.

"But why does he stand there knocking? The door is not locked."

"I took the precaution to shoot the bolt when I came in," Blake told him.

A series of knocks followed; evidently the visitor was becoming impatient.

Suddenly, the distressed father's face lightened. "It is my poor boy," he exclaimed, and ran from the room.

"Quick, follow!" said Blake to the corporal. He signalled to the constable to remain behind and watch Marjorie; then, he too, went out, closing the door behind him with unnecessary noise.

For some moments after they had gone, Marjorie remained perfectly still; then she raised herself slowly upon her elbow and listened. Then, without turning, she got off the couch and raised the lid.

"Quick, Bob," she cried with suppressed excitement. "Come out! He will search this when he returns. Nothing but a miracle saved you just now."

The young fellow got to his feet and stepped out of his hiding place, stretching his limbs and wiping the moisture off his countenance.

"Phew!" he remarked, "another minute and I'd have been suffocated. Thank goodness there is a canvas back to this affair." He broke off with a quick start of amazement as his eyes fell on Wilkins, who was standing with a broad smile on his face watching him. "Hello! you've got one on us, constable," he told the fellow with great coolness and smiling.

The girl swung round quickly. "Oh! you mean thing! you spy!" she exclaimed, half crying with vexation.

"Couldn't help it, Miss Marjorie," stammered Wilkins. "Orders, you know."

"Oh, indeed," said the girl icily, "and dare your inspector leave you behind to watch me?"

"You've guessed it first time, miss."

"Then he is a—a despicable fellow and no gentleman," declared the girl with great indignation, "and you are a—"

"Gently, gently, Marjorie," Bob interrupted. "The constable does as he is ordered."

"That's about the size of it, miss. I am sorry, but you see the inspector would have found him, anyway."

"But if he hides again, you wouldn't tell, would you?" urged Marjorie with her sweetest smile and making good use of her wonderful eyes. "You dear Wilkins!"

"Oh, I guess I'd have to, miss," replied that individual, red to the ears.

"So nice looking, and so kind-hearted," continued the sly puss.

"Nice looking! kind-hearted!" snickered the big fellow, with a crimson face.

"You won't tell, will you?" coaxed the girl, with a look of appeal.

Now Wilkins, although attired in His Majesty's uniform and clothed with authority of the law, was nothing more than an impetuous, overgrown boy, with a big warm heart (as has been before remarked in the course of this history). Gazing into the girl's splendid brown eyes, which were looking at him so wistfully, he quickly lost all thought of discipline; instead, his one thought was how to serve her.

"No, I won't tell the inspector," was the satisfactory answer. "He's kept me on the go all night, and I'll see him—er—hanged before I'll tell. Besides, you're innocent, ain't you?" he asked Bob.

"I was innocent of all intention of doing wrong," replied that young man.

"That's how I figured it," the constable paused and listened. There was the sound of footsteps returning. "They're coming back," throwing the door of Marjorie's room open. "Hide in there; he won't search that room again. Make yourself scarce! Git!"

"No, not in there," objected Bob stoutly.

"Oh, Bob!" cried the girl in dismay.

"Come, young fellow," commanded the constable, "that young lady is not going to lose any more sleep over you if I can help it." With that he bundled Bob into the room.

(To be continued)

FORT SIMPSON, N.W.T. staff in June, 1921. Seated: Mr. McLeod, P. Godsell, Mrs. Ewan, F. Camsell. Standing: W. Sibbetson, W. Johnson, I. Ewan, F. C. Jackson.

TWO CENTURIES AGO
With H.B.C. on "The Bay"

Extract from Journal of York Fort

12th March, 1723—TUESDy, Wind at West a fresh Gale Cloudy, this morning fitted out an Indian called Factory for Churchill River to hunt Geese, Gave him tenn Days Provisions, the Smiths and Taylor at worck as Yesterday.

29th March, 1723—FRIDy, Wind at N.E. a hard Gale with Snow, at noon our two men and the Indians we Sent on Tuesday last for those Indians left in the Woods Returnd, thay being in a most misarable condition, haveing Eat all their Beaver and Tenting to keep them from perishing. So that here is 40 Indians young and old most of Whom has been kept with English Provisions in a great Measure otherwise thay must have perished.

Extract from Journal of Prince of Wales Fort

26th March, 1723—TUESDy, blowy: Snowy, Drifty Weather Wind in the N.E. Quadrt, the Indian who is called Factory and his family came here from York Fort, he went from hence the 19th of October last, Without being Sent or gave any Warning of his Going, (he took Snuff I beleive of what I said to him but not with standing he's the Capn: of this River I must tell him to Catch furrs and Incourage all Indians to do the Same and Not to Act to the Contrary as he did this Fall I shall again find him out and tell him his faults) Govr: Mackclish writes they are all in health, and advises me to gett what Geese and fish wee can which I shall be deligent in, Say's he whould have sent more Indians to have Shott Geese for us but had he kept those I should not have wanted them, here being enough Within Call & will come some time before Geese fly's as I Appointed them.

Extract from Journal of Prince of Wales Fort.

30th March, 1723—SATTURDy, The 2 Indians that came in on Thursdy: last went away this Morny: as for the Indian Factory and family are here Still & Shall Not gett rid of them now till after Goose Season over if then, he being one of those that was Imploy'd to make the Peace wth: the Northern Nation for wch: he was made a Capn: and Expects Greater Privileges Still then I can well afford him, Yett must maintaine him now till ye Geese fly's Winds to day in the N E: Quadrt: Moderate Gales and Clear Weather Our People made one Turn with the Sleed for fire-wood & Clean'd the Yard.

Extract from Journal of Albany Fort

9th March, 1723—Dtto Weather wind at Wt S Wt fresh Gailes the Norward Indn. that came here the 6th of this Instt. this Day Departed for Portt-Nelsone wth A Paiquett for Governr McKlish, our Sawyers have cutt 34 Boardes this week the traides men Employed as Last.

25th March, 1723—fine Clear Moderate weather wind at S and S S Et. wth fresh Gailes for the most Partt the Armourer Employed in Repaireing the Gunns formerly made by John Upton for traide, the Smyth in Cleaning tobacco Boxes for traide, the rest of our men in caryeing the boardes and Planke from the Sawe Pitt within ye workes by Reason the Deludge may not carry them away, the Last night 2 of our home Inds. came here wth theire families frcm the norward Pitcht theire tentes on this Island.

26th March, 1723—Dtto winds and weather the Armourer Employed in mending the Inds. Gunns, the rest of our men in Saweing of fire wood, the Inds. yt came here last traided this morning, at noon another of our home Inds. came from the norward to traide, the Aforesaid Inds. Gave me An Acctt. that one of our home Inds. called Mothoskolucky that went for Portt-Nelson Last June was twelve months hath buried his wife and children.

FORT ALEXANDER
Post News

A MEETING was held at Fort Alexander on January 30th at the Indian school house for the purpose of ratifying the deed of surrender in which the Indian department, on behalf of the Fort Alexander band of Indians, have agreed to give up five hundred acres of their reserve for a lease of ninety-nine years at $2.00 per acre per annum to J. D. McArthur, who contemplates building a pulp mill which will cost $4,000,000.

They were also asked to supply from their reserve 900,000 feet of lumber for building purposes.

It was pointed out to them by the inspector of agencies that in all probability a railway would necessarily follow the building of the pulp mill and would likely run through part of their

reserve. For this concession they asked for all the band the privilege of riding for half fare, and that the railway company would transport all their produce and put it on the market ahead of all others.

They were told that, this being a private line and not run by the Indian department, these arrangements would better be made later on, to which they agreed.

Their were two dissenting voices at the meeting. One said his reason for not signing was because he did not want his house removed from where it was; and the other because he did not want his grandchildren to starve, which he was sure would be the result if their land was given over to the white men. —*C. H. M. Gordon.*

Peetawabinoo, the Ill-Fated

By C. H. M. GORDON
Fort Alexander Post

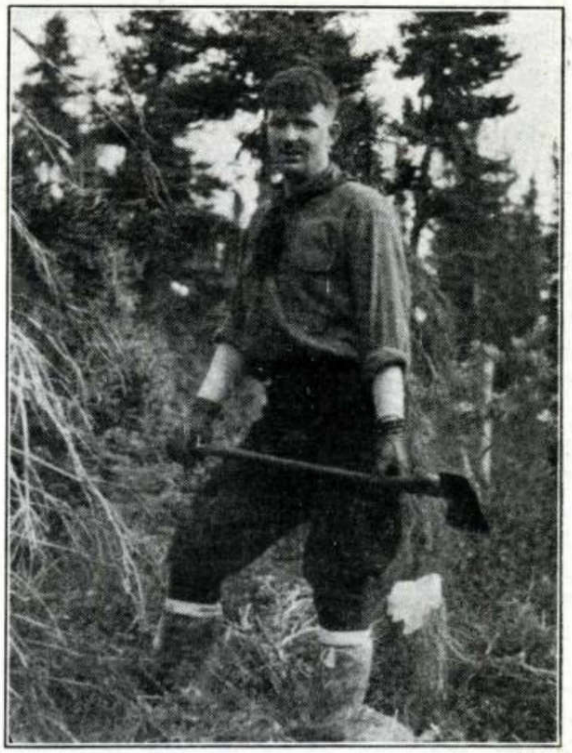
LOOKING over my journals of the 23rd September, 1886, I find this entry:

An inland canoe left for the interior today. One of the Indians refused to take his wife along with him, his excuse being that she was too old and of no help to him. She, poor creature, did not attempt to get into the canoe, but sat where their tent had been pitched and wept bitterly.

The family of Indians mentioned in above entry were the *Peetawabinoos,* a noted band of good fur hunters who were attached to Rupert's House post but hunted 200 miles up the Eastmain river. The uncle of this Indian was one of the chief actors in the Hannah Bay massacre when that post was pillaged, the manager and his wife murdered, their bodies thrown down the cellar, and the post set on fire. A young Indian lad who worked around the place escaped and brought the news to Governor McTavish, who was then in charge of the southern department.

He immediately sent out a band of servants in command of Captain Swanson with instructions to proceed to Rupert's House and get in touch with Mr. Boyle, and to take the perpetrators of the deed dead or alive.

Captain Swanson, expecting that the murderers would be lying in wait for his party, instead of going through Cabbages Willows (a shorter way), went around Gull point and proceeded straight to Rupert's House. It was fortunate for them that they did, for the murderers at Cabbages Willows had dug pits in the snow and were lying in wait for them with loaded guns.



SERGEANT DOUGLAS, who, as a member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police has taken many a trail of hardship and adventure in the far North.

On getting further particulars they returned and proceeded to round up the band.

There is a story told of the chief medicine man, whose dreams were responsible for the outrage, finding escape impossible, climbed a tree and, on being told to come down, refused and said that their bullets could make no impression on him. "We will soon find out if that is so," said one of the party and fired, the conjurer toppling down heels over head like a partridge.

They were all brought to justice, a number of them being sent to British Columbia.

Peetawabinoo, the father of the young man mentioned in my journal and a younger brother of one of the murderers who had been shot, vowed vengeance on the whites if ever he got an opportunity. At the time I write about, he had six strapping sons and used to give all kinds of trouble at Eastmain post. I have often heard

Mr. Corston, the manager, relate stories of how he and his sons used to try and frighten them. They were all a bad lot.

Whilst the party were on a trip between Eastmain and Rupert's House, if I mistake not, the eldest son took sick and became delirious. The others, thinking that the devil had entered into him, stripped him naked, tied him to a tree, thrashed him with burnt brush and set the small island on which they were camped on fire.

Another of the sons, on one of the portages on his way to his hunting grounds, got rid of his wife in a specially cruel manner. First he dug a grave, then fastened heavy country-made beaver traps on her hands and feet, threw her into the grave and covered her with stones. It was said that her cries could be heard as they left her to die a horrible death.

But to continue, *Peetawabinoo* and party received their winter supplies and had proceeded as usual to their hunting grounds. About the middle of February, Mr. Corston, the manager of Eastmain post, was surprised at the arrival at the post of one of the son's wives in a half-starved condition, carrying a young child on her back. On being interrogated, she had a frightful story to tell. This happened up the Eastmain river.

It transpired that they were all gathered together in one large tent, *Peetawabinoo,* his wife, five sons, their wives and a number of children. The reason she could not tell, but it began by old *Peetawabinoo* opening a vein in his arm and letting the blood flow into a cup, which he offered to the inmates of the tent to drink. What this ceremony meant I am at a loss to know; but evidently they did, for one of the sons took up his gun and shot his father dead. This was a signal for a general slaughter, and this woman was the only one to escape—as she said, by hiding in the woods. Having some snaring twine she killed sufficient rabbits to keep herself and child alive.

About the end of March the manager got a further surprise, when the youngest of the sons, a lad of sixteen whom the woman said had been killed, turned up at the post fat and lusty. His story was very similar to that told by his sister-in-law—escaping by hiding in the woods and killing enough game to keep himself alive until he reached the post.

On questioning him further, it was very evident that he had saved his life by turning cannibal, having lived on the bodies of his relatives. The name stuck to him; for ever afterwards he was called the Little Cannibal.

The Eastmain Indians who heard the details of the murders got very excited and would not go hunting, but congregated at one spot, all on account of superstitious notions regarding cannibals. Mr. Corston tried to reason with them, but it was of no use, and he was obliged finally to take the lad into his own house. The gruff old Scotchman told him he would thrash him if he went anywhere without his permission; in fact he was the only person who could manage the lad.

I can remember him as a hand in the Eastmain boat when it made its spring trip to Rupert's House with the returns of that post; the Little Cannibal, knowing that the Indians were afraid of him, used to show off his strength by carrying heavier loads than the others. Eventually he was sent into the interior to Misstassinny, where he married a widow who had five children, and for many years afterwards he was one of the brigade, and may be alive yet. Further reports led us to believe that at the time of the murders the *Peetawabinoos,* who were splendid hunters and had been advanced heavily, had all kinds of pelts cached, but none of the Indians would go near that section of the country, and, although offered high remuneration, would not go to recover the furs.

The following winter, James Corston, a son of the manager, in company with some other Indians, made a winter's trip and brought back quite a number of furs which were in first-rate condition, the bundles having been wrapped in old canvas and birchbark and cached out of the reach of prowling animals.

TO ascertain the extent of the iron ore deposits on the north shore of Lake Athabasca a Chicago engineering firm will undertake drilling operations on behalf of the Northwest Steel Corporation, recently organized to develop the field.

The Tragedy of the Red Currant

An H.B.C. Fur Trader at the Preserving Kettle

By C. H. FRENCH

(District Manager of the Fur Trade for British Columbia)

DURING last summer my wife and family were holidaying at Victoria. My oldest daughter and her chum remained to keep house for me and the following was one of the incidents that happened.

The night was dark from smoke scattered broadcast by forest fires. The gloom was awe-inspiring, but through it all the lovely red currants hanging in clusters from the bushes nestling in our back yard seemed to say, "We are the only bright spot left in Vancouver. Do not allow us to remain here to be smeared with coal-soot and grime. Have mercy; gather us into your aluminum kettle and preserve our sparkling red for the future, before we wilt and die."

So my daughter and I picked all the currants on Friday evening. There remained Saturday afternoon and all day Sunday to complete the "slaughter." The girls had to go to town to do some shopping on Saturday afternoon and planned to "do up" the red currants on Sunday. Left alone and *knowing that I knew more about just what had to be done than forty girls,* the preserving process was put in hand.

The currants were first boiled for a few minutes then put through a jelly bag. Wanting to clean it all up before the return of the girls, the liquid was not allowed to drain of its own accord. It was forced through. It did not take long to realize why the dripping process must be gone through. The liquid was cloudy and almost thick, and would make poor looking jelly. What must now be done to remedy this? It seemed to me that repeated straining or filtering was the only remedy. Another sack was procured and put inside the first one and, after passing the liquor through these three times, it looked to me as if it would make passable jelly.

Ten pounds of juice was put on the stove and brought to a boil, then eight pounds of sugar was added and the whole boiled for fifteen minutes.

In the meantime eight pint sealers had been washed and placed in a shallow dish with hot water surrounding them. One of the sealers had a crack in it, but I thought it would hold together, and it did for a time.

The sealers were all filled and the beautiful red currants seemed to me to be saying how happy they were to be so skilfully handled and preserved for future generations.

In a few minutes I started to lift the jars from the water to the table. Everything went well until the cracked jar was half-way between the water and table, when, without warning, almost the whole bottom fell out. Now I know why cooks wear aprons and also what floor cloths are for.

For nearly an hour, I was on my knees trying to clean up. Whenever I moved to the sink to wring out the cloth, I had to grab a chair or some other support to keep my feet on the floor. I learned during this operation what the slipperiest thing in the world really is. Paste, banana peelings and such like are babies when compared with hot jelly. However, after washing the floor mat, all the wainscoting of the room, in fact, everything in the room but the ceiling, I was able to sit back, breathe a sigh of relief and be thankful that it was only one jar that had broken.

When I wrote my weekly letter to Mrs. French the above was contained in it, with the following added:

"Sometimes, old pal, in the morning,
When the dawn is cold and gray,
And I lie in the perfumed feathers,
Thinking thoughts I dare not say,
I think of the stunts of the days before
And smile a feeble smile,
And say to myself for the hundreth time
'Is it really worth the while?'"

And now I am constrained to add the following lines, just by way of encouragement to myself, because I do not believe that the jelly will be much to brag about. As yet it has not been tried,

but the fateful day when my reputation as a jelly maker must be proved is not now far distant.

"The man who does his level best,
Has toed the mark and stood the test,
And even though he failed to get
The things he sought for, there is yet
Another day in which to try—
Another chance for which to vie.
E'en though Dame Fortune passed him by,
He has not really missed her eye.
She always loves a whole-souled fight,
And in the end makes matters right.
When next he sets his will and heart
To topmost pitch and makes a start,
The knowledge that he did not quail,
That grit and courage did not fail,
Will prove such weapons in the fight,
Will add such power to his might,
And give him such a sense of sight,
That he'll be bound to reach his height."

An Invitation

THE history of Canada and the history of H.B.C. are inextricably interwoven. To discuss the one without the other would be as impossible as playing Hamlet without a Hamlet. Now, history is just a record of authentic incidents, and nobody is better qualified to relate in detail many of those incidents which have made up the fabric of Canadian history than those who have served H.B.C. during the past fifty years.

The Beaver invites all old servants of the Company, whether active or retired, to relate in its columns what they consider the most important event or events during their lives and service with the Company.

"Big Bear" McLean has given us data about Fort Pitt. There are many who could perhaps write as interesting a story. We therefore offer them the opportunity to recount their experiences for the benefit of the younger generation.

The Beaver will be pleased to receive the names and addresses of any old-timers who have a good story but are too modest to come forward.

TWO thousand quarts of strawberries were gathered from a three-quarter acre plot at Estevan, Southeastern Saskatchewan, last season, and realized $1,100.

OUR COVER

NAN-NOOK (Big Bear) is admired as well as feared, for he possesses in full all those qualities which every successful hunter would have—patience, courage, strength, endurance. When the Eskimo and his dogs drop from weariness, the polar bear plods on. He is tireless. When biting winds cut the face and blinding drift obscures the trail, driving the native to shelter, Nan-nook smiles at the weakness of man.

When the brightness of summer has gone and winter darkness creeps over the land concealing all tracks of game and the tiny breathing holes of seals, Nan-nook is not balked, but goes unerringly from hole to hole. When strong winds and heavy seas drive the Eskimo and his kayak to the shelter of the headlands, Nan-nook easily breasts the icy waves, or goes drifting off to the south, complacently seated upon an iceberg.

This great animal is profoundly respected and universally acknowledged by the Eskimos also as the king of the north.— Donald McMillan, who accompanied Admiral Peary to the North Pole.

Catching the Jewelry Thief

A True Tale of Fort la Cloche

By H. J. MOBERLY

IN the summer of 1853 the staff of Fort la Cloche consisted of the chief factor, clerk, and an old, trustworthy Orkney man.

The store was some sixty by thirty-two feet. Downstairs it was divided into two rooms; one end was the trading shop with stairs leading to the upper rooms, the other was for furs and had a similar stairs for going up. Each end had a door to enter by. The upper room ran from end to end and was used as the reserve place for keeping the goods for trading, and was seldom entered except when a band of Indians arrived, when the chief factor handed the clerk a new supply.

The chief factor began to miss some cards of rings and earrings, and spoke to the clerk. They were compelled to suspect the old Orkney man, but, on account of his long service, instead of accusing him he was sent off to an outpost at the peak.

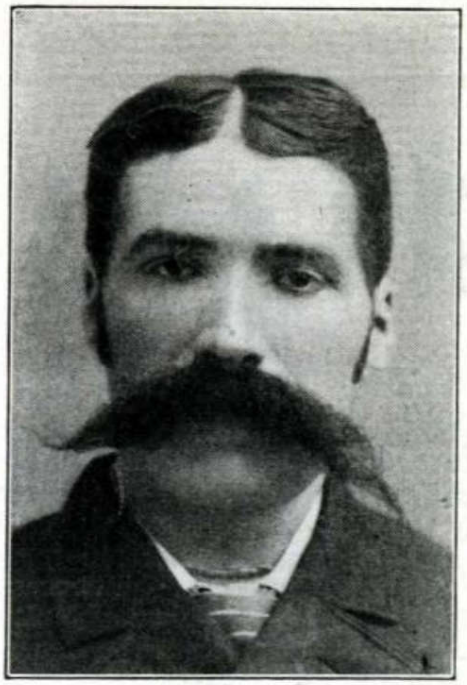
So things went on until the next band of Indians came in, when more jewelry

disappeared. Now either the clerk or the factor must be the guilty party. Nothing was said until more Indians arrived. The chief factor, who was watching, saw the clerk take a lantern and the key and enter the shop. He did the same and got in by the opposite door. Then each one, with a covered lantern, waited to see what would happen. Suddenly something dropped to the ground where the jewelry was kept. At once both lanterns were uncovered and they stood face to face. The chief factor gave a long sermon and told the clerk that he would report him to Sir George Simpson, which meant instant dismissal without a character. As soon as the factor was done, the clerk, knowing well that his word was futile against that of a chief factor, said he would, as soon as he got home, publish the truth and show the outside world that one of the honorable chief factors of the H.B.C. was a rogue.

During this time the card of rings that had fallen close to the wall suddenly disappeared. Both ran to the place and saw an open space between the floor and ceiling and heard the card being dragged along. They tore up some of the floor and there found all the missing jewelry and a lot of other small things. They set a No. 1 trap, and next morning found the thief dead. He turned out to be a large grey squirrel. They decided to bury him, shake hands and wash out all the bitter words that had passed the night before.

Here was a case of circumstantial evidence. Either of the two would have sworn that the other was guilty, and both would have been wrong.

Moral—Never believe solely in circumstantial evidence.



GEORGE DREVER, Orkneyman, who entered the H.B.C. service June 1st, 1870, as labourer. Up to 1890 Mr. Drever was stationed in the Swan River district (Manitoba House, Fort Qu'Appelle, Fort Ellice and Touchwood Hills) variously as interpreter, post master and clerk. In 1904 he was in charge of Fort Chipewyan, Athabasca. At the time of his retirement on pension in 1910 he was in charge at Abitibi, Ontario Mr. Drever was famous in the service for his powerful physique and his ability to deal successfully with the Indians.

Among Ye Editor's Visitors

WE are glad to chronicle the visits of a few of the fur trade men who have found the time recently to call on us in the *sanctum* and whom we were mightily pleased to see. Somehow it is encouraging to know that *not all* H.B.C. men coming to Winnipeg from afar go away without even dropping in to pass the time o' day.

Henry T. Ford, post manager at Beaver Lake, 200 miles inland from Chesterfield, Hudson Bay, stopped for a few minutes' chat before leaving for Indianapolis, Indiana. Mr. Ford is on a year's leave and plans to take to himself a wife in Ontario before returning to his post. He is not large in stature, but he is a big man in his own bailiwick, dominating 90,000 square miles of territory containing mostly Eskimos, fur and caribou.

George R. Ray, district manager for James Bay with headquarters at Moose Factory, came in on his annual visit. The author of Kasba looks as if the "Land of Silence" is good for a man. There is vigour aplenty just radiating from him. He promised to send us a whole bale of new photos, some more poetry, another serial story and a husky pup.

H. M. S. Cotter, laird of Cumberland House post, stopped on the way to have the medics look him over at the Mayo clinic, Rochester, Minn. Mr. Cotter has been known to us heretofore only through his facile pen, and we found him every inch a man. We were glad to learn that he will not require an operation.

Captain Freakley, formerly connected with the H.B.C. transport department, Montreal, and for the past year in charge of the H.B.C. fur trade transport for Athabasca, came in from Edmonton. The captain talks interestingly. His varied experiences in marine matters could form the background for several good books.

London Office News

Ladies' Christmas Party

ON January 10th last the lady members of the Company's London staff assembled to participate in a Christmas party. In order to encourage the diffident, a prize was offered for the best description of the occasion. Several compositions were submitted, and we reproduce below the one considered best.

OUR CHRISTMAS PARTY

Not least amongst the joys of Christmas this year was the "H.B.C. Women's Christmas Party." I can hear the male members of the staff jeering at such a preposterous notion as a "women's" party. "How dull the poor dears will find it! With whom will they dance? Ah! well! they just don't know anything at all about it. It perhaps seems incredible, but we had a right royal time and I will tell you all about it.

On the morning of *the* day we all learned with great delight that the offices were to be closed at 5.30 sharp. "Ah! that's as it may be," said one pessimist. "There is much work to be done and little time in which to do it." As the hands of the clock moved round towards 5.30, it certainly seemed as though one's fingers had entered into a conspiracy with the typewriter keys to prevent the last document from ever reaching the signature stage; but at last machines were packed away, papers locked up and we were free to change into "afternoon dress," which we had been informed was the correct wear for the occasion.

Thimble Hunting

Oh! the excitement of that half-hour between 5.30 and 6. I am sure the dignified office furniture had never witnessed such happenings before; such scampering hither and thither; such laughter; such frivolity.

In little parties of twos and threes we set off for our export department at Garlick Hill, where the party was to be held.

What a scene met our eyes! Softened lights and artistic decorations! Strains of music invited us to

"Come and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe."

Before we obeyed this bidding, however, we gathered together in groups and enjoyed dainty refreshments to the accompaniment of much laughter and jollity.

Then the real fun began. Suddenly into our midst a shower of bon-bons began to fall. We looked aloft, and there hung suspended a very giant of bon-bons. He certainly had a very large family, for there was a bon-bon for each and all. And then a transformation! The charming face of Miss—(we know who) vanished behind a mask of forbidding aspect. There was Miss "Thing-me-bob" with—could it be?—yes, actually—a "false nose" shining forth in all its fiery splendour. There, Miss "what's-her-name" with a diminutive top-hat placed at a coquettish angle on her fair locks. What a mad, merry throng!

The pianist gave a few preliminary flourishes, the band struck up and the dancing was soon well forward.

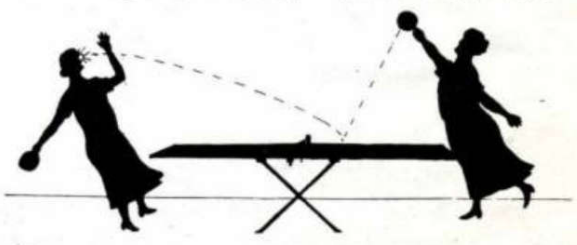
At this juncture we were delighted to behold our secretary and Mr. and Mrs. Rendall, whose presence made us feel that our gathering was "real H.B.C."

The only quiet moments

During an interval in the dancing we were entertained with singing by members of the staff, which was most enjoyable. We were not aware that there were such gifted songsters amongst us.

We wandered away for a short time to see how other revellers were disporting themselves, for it was whispered that there were further delights upstairs. As we turned the corner of the stairs we heard that familiar "ping-pong," and learned that the promised tournament was in progress. Of course, the style of play was very varied—some good, some indifferent and some extraordinarily funny. The keenness was unmistakable. Possibly it was induced by sheer love of the game, but methinks the possibility of winning a handsome grey silk jumper was somewhat responsible.

Somebody asked "Have you smelt?" We looked a bit mystified and were led away into the "competition room," where there were



Murderous enthusiasm at ping pong tournament

arrayed on a table sundry bags containing—that was what we had to guess by aid of our nasal organ. Noticing that some before us retired rather hastily into a far corner and indulged in a few sneezes, we approached the bags rather cautiously, and I am afraid did not persevere with all of them.

On another table were advertisement clippings for identification—a most difficult task and one which needed much concentration. With a gramophone playing a seductive dance tune, how could one concentrate and give a name to an advertisement which had been one's constant travelling companion for the last month?

Yet another test was to estimate how many beans (no! not that one!) there were in a bottle. Of course, one simply guessed and hoped! And somebody was lucky.

And so back to the dance hall, where Mrs. Rendall very kindly distributed the prizes which were gained for the various displays of skill during the evening.

Then cheers for our splendid committee, Auld Lang Syne and away home to bed, so tired, but so proud to be able to claim the title of an "H.B.C. woman."

"TUT-ANKH-AMEN" (*Miss D. Hollis*)

LETTER BOX

What H.B.C. Men Were Educated at St. John's?

To the editor:

The alma mater association of St. John's college have appointed a committee to prepare a record of students who have attended the college and school.

The registers of the school show that, especially in the early days after the establishment of the school, the sons of many factors and traders of the Hudson's Bay Company in the west received their education at St. John's. The close connection between the Company and the school is very marked, and the committee have thought it might be possible to get into communication with old boys of the school and college through the pages of *The Beaver*. The committee are anxious to have the present address of all who have been students at St. John's college and St. John's school, Winnipeg, and would be very glad if any former student who is not in communication with the alma mater association would, as soon as possible, send his name and address to the undersigned.

Yours truly,

ALAN CRAWLEY, Chairman,
Records Committee, 17 Edmonton Street,
Feb. 14, 1923. Winnipeg, Manitoba.

FORT PITT

A. N. Mouat, Comptroller-general for British Columbia, who spent twenty years in the service of the Company, writes:

With reference to the article, "Fort Pitt—Past and Present," appearing on page 196 of your issue for February, I enclose copy of a list of names taken from tombstones in the old cemetery at Fort Pitt, June 4th, 1885, at the time of the Northwest rebellion, which may perhaps be of interest to readers of The Beaver.

During the rebellion the tombstones and the fence surrounding the cemetery were knocked down to prevent the Indians taking cover when attacking the fort, and it is not unlikely all trace of the cemetery, which was North of the fort, has long since disappeared.

FORT PITT, NORTHWEST TERRITORIES, CANADA, 4th JUNE, 1885

Sacred to the memory of Nancy, the beloved and memorable wife of William Flett, who departed this life Oct. 2nd, 1846, aged 19 years.

Sacred to the memory of Maria, daughter of Cornelius and Jane Pruden. Age 2½ years. Born Jan. 1st, 1872; died July 14th, 1874.

In memory of Eliza, second daughter of John Norris, who died Oct. 30th, 1862, aged 1 year, 7 months, and 10 days.

Sacred to the memory of Peggy Pruden, who departed this life August 6th, 1857, age 5 years.

In memory of Albert Louis John, first son of John Rowland, who died 1868, aged 1 year and 40 days.

Flora, his eldest daughter, who died 20th Nov., 1862, aged 3 years and 4 months.

CORRECTION

In connection with photograph of Fort Garry mill, page 188, February issue, the date of establishment of the mill was given as, "about 1872." We are informed by Mr. James Thomson, ex-commissioner of lands and furs, that Fort Garry mill was completed in October, 1876.

WINNIPEG

Winter Frolic Is Huge Success

Ice Sports at Amphitheatre Attract Large Crowd

By E. PAUL

TRUE to prediction, the Hudson's Bay winter frolic at the Amphitheatre, February 9th, eclipsed all previous H.B.C. parties, bringing out as it did nearly eight hundred people to participate in a remarkably successful programme.

The skating enthusiasts stormed the Amphitheatre early in the evening. Admitted to a perfect sheet of artificial ice at 8.15 p.m., a large crowd enjoyed six bands of public skating before the exhibitions were scheduled to start.

Meanwhile a number of dancers had congregated in the ballroom upstairs and starting at 8.30, many of these danced right through till midnight, completely oblivious to the siren call of the ice sports in the rink. It was even difficult to entice some of them down to refreshments. Clever exhibition dances were given in the ballroom by little Miss Ferguson, of the retail staff, in kilts, accompanied by her father on the bagpipes, and by Miss Edith Saunders, who interpreted the Irish terpsichorean.

A whist drive was in progress from 8.30 until 9.30 on the main floor; nearly one hundred of the "old guard" tried for the prizes, which were won by: *Mrs. G. B. Winslow, first; Mrs. A. S. Corbett, second; Mrs. L. Bailey, consolation; C. W. Elliott, first; C. Skimming, second; H. S. Hall, consolation.*

The programme of ice sports which attracted the larger proportion of the crowd, was run off with a snap which did not allow enthusiasm to cool for an instant.

Bert Clark entertained in daring style with barrel-jumping and other ice acrobatics which opened the eyes of some as to the seemingly impossible stunts that can be done with safety on skates, providing one has ankles "as strong as iron bands."

Olaf Anderson, professional fancy skater, guided his charming partner, Miss Gladys Tremayne, in a series of rhythmic demonstrations that thrilled and delighted the large gathering.

Then came the speed skating relay race between four-men teams from H.B.C., Saults & Pollard Limited, Brigden's Limited and Stovel Company. The trophies were carried off handily by the Saults & Pollard speedsters, *W. Sallee, H. G. Bond, R. Douglas and E. Stubbs.*

The climax of the ice events was reached in the fast hockey game between the H.B.C. and Stovel Company regular teams. Two periods of twenty minutes each were played. H.B.C. finished at the long end of the score, 4-3, after a brilliant exhibition, despite the heavy ice which had already carried so many events. Redpath and Allen were the individual satellites, all of the H.B.C. goals being from the stick of the former. The Stovel team was in the running all the way but the boys from H.B.C. were just a little too fast and elusive for them at every stage. Hudson's Bay stick-handlers who demonstrated to the big crowd that the Company can put a real hockey team on the ice at any time were: *Gardner, Moore, McLeod, Allen, Caslake, Thompson, Redpath.*

A good deal of the enjoyment of the ice sports was due to the funny antics of *F. Dodman, F. McQuade, G. Foster, V. Morrison and A. Dick,* who filled in throughout the programme with stunts that provoked gales of laughter. "Rolling the bones" on the ice was a "scream."

A promenade of fur traders, Indians and snowshoers which preceded the ice frolic was an interesting display. Prince Rupert (Walter Davison, window display expert) led the procession and made a heroic figure not only in this exhibition but as announcer-in-chief for the evening. The Company kindly loaned a number of costumes from their collection for this occasion.

The following officials of the Company lent their patronage to the affair and took a genuine interest in various parts of the programme: *Messrs. Edward FitzGerald, deputy chairman Canadian committee; James S. Braidwood, assistant stores commissioner; H.F. Harman, land com-*

missioner; C. W. Veysey, general manager wholesale; John Calder, chief accountant; W. R. Ogston, general manager retail; W. S. Lecky, executive department.

Mrs. James S. Braidwood and Mrs. J. M. Gibson were not to be outdone in spirit of frolic; both joined heartily in the fun and each skated the full six bands. Mr. and Mrs. Veysey gave evidence of ability to skate well and Mrs. W. S. Lecky enjoyed looking on during the ice sports.

W. J. McLean, retired chief trader of Fort Pitt fame, and now nearly eighty years of age, appeared as a spectator, attired in his old-time costume as a fur trader.

The marked success of the frolic brought with it a surplus in spite of heavy expenses. The following audited statement of account is published for the information of the staff who so loyally supported the event. The committee has decided that the surplus shall be held in a reserve fund to apply against further functions of the kind to be put on from time to time by the employees' association, including the staffs of all departments in Winnipeg.

STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS, WINTER FROLIC
February 9, 1923

By Expenses:		
Ice Sports and Carnival		$197.06
Dancing		32.11
Whist Drive		11.53
Refreshments		110.09
Sundries		18.20
By Cash on Hand		91.01
To Ticket Sales	$460.00	$460.00

(Signed) H. R. CHARLEWOOD
Convenor, Finance Committee

Examined and found correct:
(Signed) MARWICK MITCHELL & CO.
Auditors.
February 19th, 1923.

If Hockey, Why Not Baseball?

While watching the splendid display put up by the H.B.C. hockey team at the winter frolic, many felt real regret that more interest and help was not given to the formation of a regular team earlier in the season, as the combined departments of the Company could most assuredly turn out a team to do H.B.C. credit in the commercial hockey league.

While this feeling is in the air, I feel fairly confident that the Company could and should form a baseball team for this coming season. In any case there would be no harm in calling a meeting to see what material we possess and to size up our chances of success.

Now then, baseball fans, get together and let's hear from you.—D.C.B.

Welfare Notes

THE welfare association workers have had a very busy time during January and February, owing to the phenomenal amount of sickness among the store employees. Both male and female have suffered from the ravages of flu and la grippe. Among those who were absent for a protracted period, but happily are almost all back at their duties again, are:

Miss McSherry	Miss Chatlois
Mrs. Palmer	Miss H. Bowling
Mrs. Craven	Miss Booth
Miss A. Parker	Miss Smith (workroom)
Miss L. Johnson	Mrs. Anderson
Miss Monty	Mrs. Ferguson
Miss Smale	Miss O'Grady
Miss McLeod	Mr. Maxwell
Mr. Stannard	Mr. Levy
Mr. Whalley	Mr. Reith
Mr. T. Johnson	Mr. Brooks
Miss Dahl	and others

Mr. Beggs, we regret to report, is suffering from sleeping sickness. Latest news is that he is recovering slowly.

A new departure which the association has arranged for is the attendance of a nurse in the store at regular intervals each week, and visits from the nurse to the homes of members needing attention and advice. In connection with this service, there will also be available the services of women as mothers' helps in cases of emergency.

Such service should prove a blessing, and will be an added incentive for keeping the membership of our welfare up to 100 per cent. strength.

Retail Store Items

Bride-to-be—I hope, dear, we won't get any duplicate wedding presents.

Groom-to-be—Oh, I don't know. Dad's promised me a $5,000 check and I wouldn't mind getting a duplicate from your father.

It is rumored, but not confirmed, that Mr. Keele, assistant manager of hardware department, intends giving us an exhibition of dazzling

speed skating very soon. Mr. Keele claims he was the first skater to race with a 22-inch blade in Winnipeg.

Who was the young lady that forgot her etiquette and sat on the lunch table?

The "Blue Nose" of the main floor says that you will never feel cold walking to work as long as you keep the 7c. fare in mind.

We didn't know that one of the young ladies of the mail order was so proficient in the act of interpretive dancing. An unusual exhibition was given whilst alighting from a street car.

A young man of the grocery basement shows a great affinity for dark eyes and bobbed hair.

A little adventure in the grocery department. A pail of lard wanted from the ice-box in the basement. Parcel girl kindly offers to get it; goes down. Kind young man in basement goes with her to scare away the rats. Basement manager comes along, sees refrigerator door open, bangs door shut, turns out light. Faint screams and smothered exclamations. Rescue party. Door opened. Half-frozen couple once more restored to their friends.

Miss Hutchinson, of the wallpaper department, caused quite a flutter early in the month, and there were visions of rice throwing, good wishes, etc., from her many friends when it was known that she was purchasing a bridal robe, a veil and all the fixings for a wedding. Enquiry revealed the fact that these articles were just required for a play and not for the real thing. Great disappointment among the gossips.

George Foster, of the card writing department, was the recipient of countless congratulations upon his return to duty after an absence of five weeks due to scarlet fever.

Although 13 is considered an unlucky number, Fred Parker is now quite convinced that 7 is also a number to be wary of. If our opponent laid 7 rocks at the twelfth end to tie and then won at the 13th end, we would be inclined to agree that both 7 and 13 are unlucky numbers.

We are pleased to see Miss Dahl back after a brief illness. We would advise these engaged girls not to sew too late on the trousseau.

The surprise of the season was given by a happy crowd from the store to our elevator operator, Mrs. Palmer, on January 27th. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. Carson, Mr. and Mrs. Slavins, Mr. and Mrs. Tittle and Mrs. J. Palmer. Misses P. Palmer, McLeod, M. Morton, A. Guest, F. Bowes, W. Greenfield, B. Leeburn and M. Winble. Messrs. A. Palmer, J. Morton, B. Merritt, T. Einderson, A. Lynch, H. Lynch, N. Harrison, W. Kerison and F. Upjohn.

We would have Mr. G. B. of 25 department understand that shoes are not sold in the ladies' lingerie department. The same thing applies *vice versa* to Miss H. M. of 18 department.

Vic. Morrison certainly displayed the charms of Rodolph Valentino when he carried a little girl from her desk where she had fainted.

Warning to Miss S. Robinson. "When walking down the grocery stairs—watch your step."

SUGAR AND CREAM

—Who is the See More Lady? Enquire of Mr. Manson.

—Which young lady in the credit department had the startling adventure with the waste-paper basket?

CURLING

Retail League Standing as at February 20th

Skip	*Won*	*Lost*
Ogston	6	2
Parker	6	2
Lee	6	2
Bowdler	6	2
Mills	4	4
Beggs	4	4
Pearon	3	4
Reith	3	4
Davison	2	5
Firme	2	5
Scott	2	6
Healy	2	6

Land Department Final Cup Standing

Skip	*Total points for 6 games*
Joslyn	79
Bellingham	63
Conn	55
Thomas	53
Everitt	53
Harman	49
Nicholls	46

The annual banquet of land department curlers and cup presentation will take place during the latter part of March.

Wholesale-Depot League

Skip	*Played*	*Won*	*Lost*
Nairn	9	6	3
McMicken	9	6	3
Poitras	9	6	3
Brock	9	5	4
Ross	9	5	4
Thompson	9	4	5
Phelan	9	5	4
Veysey	9	1	8

WHOLESALE-DEPOT NOTES

The stork paid a visit to the home of Wm. Watson on January 26th, leaving a son. "John Keith" and his mother are getting along very nicely. Congratulations, Bill!

We hear that recently a riot call was broadcasted from Transcona. Investigation showed, however, that it was not an invasion by the K.K.K., but the arrival of the Koal Black Koons.

Evelyn Taylor is now the very proud possessor of a solitaire. It is apparent another young man is added to the growing list of those who know they can find quality at the Bay.

After attending the frolic, we hold the opinion that "hot dogs" are really the great levellers.

Curious, isn't it, nothing has been heard from our "wet blankets" since the frolic.

E. B. Johnson (Elswood) has been transferred from Regina to Saskatoon. We have no doubt the same success will attend his efforts in his new sphere.

Candy Factory Notes

Messrs. Hall and McGregor, of the H.B.C. fur trade (western Arctic district), visited us recently. They were very much interested in the different processes the candy passes through in the course of manufacture.

The second toboggan party went off very successfully on January 26th.

Nellie Weger, one of the original staff of the factory, left us recently to take up a position with a Portage avenue concern. She carried with her the best wishes of her co-workers.

Did you enjoy yourself on the 9th? We did!

Things we'd like to know—

How long the phone wire would have held A. E. N. if help had not arrived when it did.

Who's going to win the next hockey match, Selkirk or Falcons? Go to it, G. E. and D. H.

CALGARY

Curling

THE members of the Hudson's Bay employees' welfare association have developed very considerable interest in the "roarin' game," and very many exciting contests have been played this year.

The league standing to February 14th:

Division I	W	L
G. Edmison	5	0
F. Sparling	4	1
W. P. Spaulding	3	2
J. Bennett	3	2
J. Campbell	2	2
W. Hammond	1	3
S. MacKellar	0	4
L. Doll	0	4
Division II		
J. Neal	5	0
G. Salter	3	2
R. W. Mason	3	2
C. Tyrell	3	2
W. McGregor	2	3
F. Cleary	1	3
D. W. Hutchinson	2	2
J. Shapter	0	5

Two more games to be played before the finals.

In the first draw of the year on December 6th, the rinks skipped by R. W. Mason and G. Salter played a very exciting game, the total scores of both rinks being only 15. This game has filled Mr. Mason with the "sporting spirit" so much that he has offered a box of fine cigars to the rinks playing a game in which the total score is less than that. A remarkable thing about this score is that in the third game Mr Mason's rink and Mr. Cleary's rink played a game in which the score was again 15. Mr. Mason says he *may* lose his cigars, but doesn't *really expect* to.

LATE NEWS

Results of curling games, Wednesday, February 14th:

Spaulding	11	Benson	10
Edmison	13	Sparling	5
Mason	12	Neil	4
McKellar	11	Campbell	7

Mr. Neil received his first defeat, leaving Edmison's the only undefeated rink.

C. O. M. Bell, for four years buyer and manager of the china department, has recently left the service of the Company to go back to Vancouver. Although we regret very much his loss, yet his heart was always in Vancouver and, as everyone knows, it is always best to be where one's heart is.

Mr. McCoubrey, of the provision department, reports a large increase in the cheese business since the assistant superintendent, Mr. Edgar, began his "war on rats."

NOTES FROM THE GENERAL OFFICES

Edward O. (Teddy) Oakley, a member of the credit office staff for the last two and one-half years, has left the service of the Company to take up a position with the Alberta government telephones. To show the good wishes of the office staff for his success, a fine cigarette case and pipe were given him on his departure.

Mr. Oakley's departure has caused several changes to take place in the credit office staff. W. E. Salter has taken the position formerly filled by Mr. Oakley; F. E. Salter has been promoted from outside collector to W. E. Salter's position, and we have acquired a new member of the staff, Mr. Hodgson, who is now doing outside collecting.

The "matrimonial bees" are swarming in alarming numbers in and about the Calgary branch. The latest attack of the "little varmint" in reported to be in the neighbourhood of the audit office.

New Superintendent of Mail Order

J. F. Clement, new head of the mail order department, was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1895. He received his early education in his native town and two years' business experience in a Scottish importing house. In 1912 he came to Canada and served with the Quebec bank until 1914. He joined the army, at first serving with the 31st battalion of infantry.

In 1917, after being connected with the general staff in England for a short time as a convalescent, he joined the Royal Air Force and, as he expresses it, his life was a series of "ups and downs" until the finish of the war. Mr. Clement attained the rank of lieutenant and was three times wounded.

Since the war, among other things, Mr. Clement has acquired a family and considerable selling and collecting experience in Western Canada.

R. J. HUGHES, Esq.

The New Superintendent

THE store is much pleased with its new superintendent, R. J. Hughes, who came to us recently from a similar position at the Winnipeg store. Already, by his quiet earnestness in getting acquainted with special conditions here, Mr. Hughes has made himself respected and, what is just as important, well liked by the staff. He tells us that he has been with the Hudson's Bay Company for fifteen years, starting with them soon after he came from England, where he received early business training with firms in London. His first position with the Company was in the wholesale department at Winnipeg in 1907. Later he went to the H.B.C. Portage la Prairie store as salesman; still later he returned to Winnipeg and in recent years has held the position of store superintendent there.

Miss McDonough Wedded

A pretty wedding took place on December 27th at the home of the bride's mother, when Louise McDonough, of the audit office, became the bride of William Smith, of Boharm, Saskatchewan. On leaving the store

Miss McDonough was presented with a silver tea service from the office staff. R. W. Gibson made the presentation. Miss McDonough was the recipient of many beautiful and useful gifts at a shower given in her honor prior to the wedding in the form of a surprise party. The evening was spent in games and dancing, after which refreshments were served.

Hiking Club

WITH the opinions of such well-known experts in physical fitness as Bernarr McFadden, Dr. Frank Crane and others to back them, the H.B.C. Hiking club is going ahead absorbing all kinds of good fresh air and healthy exercise; first to make themselves better physically and, naturally of course, more useful and more successful in their daily work.

The hiking enthusiasts are to be congratulated on the good work they are doing in promoting better health in the Calgary branch. The club was formed about two months ago with a membership of seven, which inside of two weeks had increased to 35.

During the past two months the club has had several fine times, taking walks and skating parties, usually ending up with some kind of a "feed." Most of these were held at the Rotary Hut, which is about five miles up the Elbow river.

One member has expressed the idea of the club in a short verse, which is more or less expressive:

You can never see the sun rise
If you always look to the West.
You can never belong to the great
Out-o'-Doors
If you do not hike in quest
Of something better—we call it the best.
Be alive and healthy—hike with the rest!

Further Changes on Second Floor

The blouse department has recently been put into the charge of Mrs. McKay, buyer for corsets and underwear. The department has been rearranged somewhat for better display. Mrs. McKay has also been given an assistant in the person of Rene Jane Bower, who is to have more especially the charge of developing sales in blouses. She is a newcomer to Calgary and has had several years' department store experience in other places. She states that already she has become very much attached to Calgary and its people.

The new European fashion section, devoted to the display of fashion goods purchased by Mrs. Clarke on her recent trip to Europe, bids fair to be very popular with Calgary women this spring. It's worthy of all the attention it gets because the display is very beautiful.

New Clothing Buyer

A. J. Masterman, a native of Temperanceville, York County, Ontario, has recently taken over duties as head of the men's and boys' clothing departments. Mr. Masterman went to Winnipeg in 1906 and remained in the employ of White & Manahan Limited until 1922. With this firm he was manager of the clothing department for a number of years. On the death of the junior partner, Mr. Manahan, he became assistant manager and buyer, and at the time of leaving was managing director of the firm. Mr. Masterman has the staff's best wishes for his success with the Hudson's Bay Company.

Sudden Death of Mr. Belfry

Joseph Mason Belfry, the oldest employee in point of service with the Hudson's Bay Company at Calgary, dropped dead on the second floor, January 27th. Mr. Belfry joined the service of the Company April 23rd, 1904, and during the nineteen years that have followed since that date has given loyal and efficient service.

At the time of the 250th anniversary, Mr. Belfry received from Sir Robert Kindersley a long service medal. He was well liked and respected by his associates in the store and in the welfare association.

STRAY SHOTS FROM SIXTH FLOOR

The flock of "tin lizzies," whose masters pasture on the sixth floor, is continually growing. Mr. Montgomery, of the drapery department, and George Benson, buyer for that department, have secured the latest additions. Next summer we think seriously of having a Ford polo team, and will be glad to challenge any other branch of the Company as soon as the boys have had a little chance to practice.

A momentous event, at least to Fred Russell, took place a short time ago, when King George V and he both became "grandads" on the same day. We do not know yet whether it is a boy or a girl, but which ever it is, it has our best wishes.

A serious oversight has come to light, and the boys at the warehouse feel it keenly. It seems that whenever there is a competition on, or any other event in which the departments of the store participate, the warehouse is always left out, and the staff there feel that they should have some representation in cases of this kind during the coming year. For some reason or other they all object to being represented on the result board by the figure of a horse, probably because it has been some years since any horses were seen around with warehouse rigs.

EDMONTON

SOCIAL NOTES

W. Briggs, upon his departure, was presented with a handsone suitcase by his brother department heads. W. E. Johnson made the presentation on behalf of those present.

Mrs. McDermid, recently of the H.B.C. Vancouver store, arrived January 30th to take over the important duties left vacant by Mr. Briggs as manager of the whitewear and infants' wear.

Miss Hague, for the past six years in the silks section, left February 3rd to be married. She was presented with a silver tea service by Mr. Cunningham, superintendent, on behalf of the Company.

Miss McDonald, department manager of the millinery section, is away on an extensive buying trip, visiting eastern markets.

Miss O. White is a newcomer to the store whom we are pleased to welcome, having been engaged for the dress goods section.

The "flu" has been playing havoc with the staff during the past few weeks, but all are once more to be seen in their accustomed places, looking none the worse for various periods of indisposition.

Mr. Lockey, department manager of the staples section, left on a buying trip, visiting eastern markets.

Miss Lola Hepburn, our selected queen for the Edmonton winter carnival, although not a successful one in the final count, attended several public functions, representing the store, and acquitted herself most creditably, bringing much favourable comment and good publicity.

Mr. Roberts, department manager of the silks and dress goods sections, left for eastern markets, buying for spring.

Congratulations are the order of the day to Miss Nellie Sale on her recent engagement. It looks as if brides will be more in evidence than ever this coming June, as diamonds are sparkling on hands innumerable in various departments of the store.

Messrs. Pallett and T. Crockett are both wearing broad smiles these days, the cause being that they have been presented with husky baby boys almost simultaneously. We all join in extending to them our most hearty congratulations.

Miss May Doherty, department manager of the gloves and hosiery sections, left for the east on a buying trip.

HOCKEY

The *Mealtickets* and *Strollers* met again last month for the purpose of proving beyond any possible doubt as to which was the better team. The result was, as the *Mealtickets* said it would be, a victory in their favour, 4-2.

Stephens is not yet discouraged, but some people take a lot of convincing.

Les. Wilson has been promoted from goal judge to goal keeper. What he lacks in science he makes up in size.

Sellers in goal for the *Mealtickets* was kicking about his meagre ration of pie. Fleming should know by this that Freddie is a growing boy.

Jimmie Wright, the boy from the display department, made a creditable showing.

Tom (alias Red) Wright played his usual brainy game: scored three goals and incurred the displeasure of the strolling gentry.

Arnold, the diminutive manager of the *Strollers*, is full of enthusiasm and is to be commended on his lack of hockey knowledge.

The game was late starting as the ice man was late on his rounds.

The Edmonton Belles

ANOTHER feature which was staged by the H.B.C. store's personnel, but at the city's expense, was the "Edmonton Belles," who rang a peal of "Grandshire Triples" on tubular chimes.

The eight belles, dressed in scarlet to represent bells, made a picturesque sight when they marched around the Arena to the strains of a sprightly march played by the band and led by a standard bearer with the device: *Not Bow Bells, but Edmonton Belles.*

The chimes were played with precision and good effect, bringing forth rounds of applause from fully eight thousand spectators who packed the Arena to the roof each night. This act was put on for each of the four nights of the carnival. The Bells were under the direction of J. Prest.

A Surprise Indeed

Imagine a modest, unassuming young lady, after spending an evening out with her fiancee coming home and on entering an unlit parlor (which might have witnessed a lovers' good night) and turning on the light, finding herself surrounded by a sea of faces.

This happened at a surprise shower given in honour of the approaching marriage of Miss Hague, of the silks department, at the home of her parents, by fellow workers.

H.B.C. Assists in Edmonton's Winter Carnival

THE mayor and commissioners of the city asked General Manager H. G. Munro to give the Edmonton carnival the Company's close co-operation and to stage one or two events. This was readily agreed to, and plans were immediately got underway.

It was decided to stage a historical event which actually took place in 1850—the storming of Fort Edmonton by the Blackfeet Indians. This spectacle proved to be a headliner during the two nights. A miniature fort was erected on the ice, built of split logs, triangular in shape and with a bastion at each corner. Real Indians from the Hobbema reserve, in full war paint, were included in the attack. P. Plowman was responsible for the building of the fort and C. Digney for the admirable scenic effects and decorations at the Arena.

Queen of the Edmonton Carnival, Attendants and Indians from Hobbema Reserve

H.B.C. Still the Standby of the Indians

ALTHOUGH many years have elapsed since the Crees of the plains traded buffalo hides and pemmican with the factor in charge of Old Fort Edmonton, yet today the direct decendants of this tribe, who are quartered on the Hobbema reserve about sixty miles south of Edmonton, rely upon the modern Hudson's Bay store to supply almost all their wants. But recently, ten of the Indians came to Edmonton to take part in the "storming of Fort Edmonton," a scene enacted by H.B.C. at the Edmonton winter carnival. Two or three other parties of Indians have since made the trip to the city to purchase Hudson Bay point blankets—and let it be said that no other blanket will satisfy a western Indian. It's a genuine Hudson Bay point blanket or nothing. They use them not only for coverings, but they make *capotes* or coats from them. The white, red and striped blankets seem to be their favorites.

If only the white population of Canada were inbued with the same faith and confidence in Hudson's Bay merchandise, what a magnificent business could be built up! With the standardizing of many lines of staples and collective buying direct from manufacturers, could not this same faith in H.B.C. merchandise be inculcated in the younger generation? Any prestige the Company may have lost with the early settlers during the past decade or so should now more than be compensated for. "Seal of Quality" merchandise will be the means of bringing about the establishment of a firmer faith among youthful Canadians in Hudson's Bay goods—a faith such as the Indian still possesses and no doubt will continue to retain as long as *pro pelle cutem* is lived up to.

The following epistle was received by the advertising manager from one of the full-blooded Indians who took part in the carnival recently held in the city. It indicates that the Hudson's Bay Company is held in high esteem by this tribe. The spelling and writing are excusable of course:

I write to you a few words to tell you we come home pleased and good. My wife is little better now. All Indians very happy becos we had good time. We tell lots good news to other Indians, Hudson's Bay Company treat us good. We had lots of presents from Chief H.B.Co. (meaning Mr. Munro, general manager). Please anser this letter Jack, you my best frien, I like to hear from you.

Good bye to you and yor family to
Your truly Tom Bull.

VANCOUVER

Here Today and Gone Tomorrow

That seems to be the way of the buyer nowadays. Few months pass but that one or another of our buyers is searching the markets of the world for the newest in style and best value in merchandise for his or her department.

At the time of going to press three Vancouver buyers are touring Europe buying collectively for the Company's stores, and in the domestic markets are B. M. Clarke, Miss A. K. Smith, W. J. McLaughlin, Miss J. McBeth Green, with the promise of others to follow.

Sports in Prospect

C. F. ADAMS doesn't intend to let the grass grow under his feet this season. Already he is on the "warpath" putting into force the ideas gained through his reading of store athletics during the past two months. But he can't do it all.

He may have the enthusiasm, the desire and the energy of a hundred good men, but if he can't enlist the co-operation of the staff his efforts are wasted.

He wants to enter a cricket team in the league—and it's up to the cricketers in this store to get behind him.

He wants a baseball team—and surely, with the staff of fans which this store boasts, that shouldn't be a difficult matter. Our baseball team last year was gilt-edged; make it solid gold this year.

He's already organized a hiking club—with great aspirations they start the new season. Who knows but out of this may come a crowd to fathom the impregnable peak of Mount Everest.

The tennis season is just ahead too—with this always lovable sport, and with next year leap year, there should be no trouble in keeping the courts crowded. It has been rumoured that two persons at present engaged met their "best loves" playing tennis. This alone should be an inducement for young men and maidens to line up.

Join the H.B.E.A.

THE summer season is just ahead of us, when the benefits of being a H.B.E.A. member are more greatly appreciated that at any other season.

All sorts of sports
All sorts of hikes
Grand picnic
Doctor's benefits

See the secretary right away and let's make our H.B.E.A. membership 100 per cent.

A surprise party was held at the home of Miss Nash, 515 20th avenue east, recently. The guest of honor for the evening was Miss McKay, whose engagement has been announced. All the ladies from the art needlework section enjoyed a real social time. Music and games were indulged in. Miss Rosina Smith presented the bride-to-be with a set of cutlery, also best wishes for her future happiness.

The engagement of Miss May Anderson, of the staples department, to Mr. T. Johnson, of Dominion Express, has been announced.

Miss A. K. Smith, manager for our neckwear, notions, etc., departments, left on her semi-annual visit to the eastern markets on February 10th.

W. J. McLaughlin, manager for dress goods and silks departments, left on his semi-annual visit to the eastern markets on February 3rd.

B. M. Clarke, manager for ribbons, gloves, hosiery, etc., departments, left on his semi-annual visit to the eastern markets on February 8th.

W. R. Boyle Returns from Europe

In spite of the fact that he was caught in one of those wild Atlantic storms, he arrived safely, full of "pep" and a great deal wiser for the experience gained.

25 Years With H.B.C.

W. J. PEPPETT passed his 25th milestone in the employ of the Company on the 11th of January, and is now eligible for another bar.

He was one of the pioneers of this store, entering the Company's service as assistant cashier right in the midst of the Klondyke rush. He was quickly raised to bookkeeper, which position he held until he was given charge of the credit department some seven or eight years ago. Mr. Peppett is the third member of the Vancouver store to wear a medal and two bars. The entire staff joins in wishing him many happy returns.

Mrs. L. McDermid to Edmonton

BEFORE leaving Vancouver to take her position with the Company in Edmonton, Mrs. L. McDermid was the recipient of a very useful wardrobe trunk and ivory hand mirror from the manager, buyers and her intimate friends here.

It happened just before closing time on January 26th, and, in presenting the gifts in his inimitable way, the general manager said he hoped Mrs. McDermid would receive the gifts, not for their instrinsic worth, but as a token of the esteem in which she was held by those present.

While everyone was sorry at her going, still they were pleased she was taking a senior position, and felt certain she would be equally as successful in her new post as she had been in the one she was vacating. He assured Mrs. McDermid that she would always be looked upon as one of Vancouver's staff, and if ever she came West again she would be certain of a real welcome.

Mrs. McDermid made a very pleasing reply, assuring those present that she would never forget her colleagues in Vancouver and would ever remember the good times she had enjoyed while engaged here.

BULLETIN FROM VICTORIA

Temperature 'steen degrees below zero, the city warmly clad in an eight-inch mantle of the new season's wrappy snow. We wonder whether the Victoria slogan "Follow the birds to Victoria" will be altered now to "Follow the snow birds to Victoria?" We're only asking for information.

VICTORIA

Miss Betty Hague off to San Francisco

PRIOR to Miss Hague's departure for San Francisco she was presented by Mr. Wilkinson, on behalf of the entire staff of the delivery department, with a travelling hat-case.

Betty had a host of friends during her stay with us, which accounts perhaps for the following lines, penned apparently by an admirer as well as a very promising spring poet:

Oh, Betty dear, before you go
We'd like to say a word or so;
And ask you just to bear in mind,
The poor old stiffs you've left behind.
It seems so sad that we should part—
We feel it mostly round the heart.
And when you're on the ocean blue,
We one and all will think of you.
So don't forget the Hudson's Bay
When you are in the U.S.A.

Miss Young Entertains

A delightful evening was spent at the home of Miss Young, Marion street, when Miss Josephine Walker was the guest of honor. Her friends of the Hudson's Bay Company presented her with a handsome silver tea service, after which refreshments were served. A very pleasant evening was spent with music and games, and particular enjoyment was added to the affair by solos rendered by Mrs. Watt and Miss Robb.

Among those present were: Mrs. Gleason, Mrs. Meighen, Mrs. Watt, Mrs. Robb, Mrs. Macpherson, the Misses Young, Melando, La Voie, Smith, Bradley, Ordano, White, Flannigan, Carter, Strickland, Taylor, Corkle, J. Robb, K. Robb and Howell.

Store Committee

THE term of office of the first store committee having been concluded, another election took place with the following results:

A. R. Mann, representing department managers;

John Chambers, representing selling staff;

Miss V. G. Plummer, representing office staff;

W. G. Crawford, representing non-selling staff;

Captain P. N. A. Smith, representing management.

The new committee held their first meeting on Feb. 16th, and before proceeding with the business on hand the general manager briefly outlined the objects and duties of the store committee.

It is hoped that the new committee will carry out their duties in the same satisfactory manner as the old.

Football

ALTHOUGH fourteen matches have been played during the season, the Hudson's Bay team have lost only three. Great credit is undoubtedly due to our genial captain, Jimmy Allen, who has been successful in piloting his team to so many victories.

The results of the most important matches played up to the present are as follows:

Hudson's Bay *vs* Garrison	4-3
Hudson's Bay *vs* Weilers	2-2
Hudson's Bay *vs* Garrison	1-0
Hudson's Bay *vs* Fitz	4-0
Hudson's Bay *vs* Garrison	1-0
Hudson's Bay *vs* Weilers	1-0
Hudson's Bay *vs* Fitz	2-3
Hudson's Bay *vs* Garrison	3-3
Hudson's Bay *vs* Weilers	2-1
Hudson's Bay *vs* Garrison	3-0
Hudson's Bay *vs* Fitz	4-5

For the Jackson Cup

This cup is donated by Sir John Jackson to the team which qualifies for the provincial championship. The Hudson's Bay team has been successful in reaching the semi-final after beating the best of Victoria's teams, and have great expectations of reaching the final.

Grocery Staff Entertains

A MOST successful and enjoyable social and dance was given on Wednesday evening, Feb. 7th, at the Old Men's Home, Willows, by members of the Hudson's Bay grocery department.

Private invitation cards to the number of seventy were issued.

Throughout the evening the true atmosphere of gaiety pervaded the hall.

During the evening many popular songs and music were rendered by the Misses Rhodes and Welsh and Mr. Haines, while Mr. Farey acted as pianist, rendering the latest music for the dancing. All were highly appreciated. Owing to the extensive programme encores had to be curtailed.

At 10 p.m. a delectable buffet supper was served.

Considerable fun and frolic was derived by all from the balloon waltz, the winning candidates being Miss Knowles and Mr. Deyner and Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Johns.

The committee have to thank Messrs. Smith, Ambrey and Johns for kindly donating the prizes awarded and meeting extra costs of the entertainment.

Miss Nellie Purvis, department 6, leaves to join her sister in Providence, R.I., making several breaks in her journey across Canada to visit friends. We all unite in wishing her every happiness, good luck and *bon voyage*, and we hope you will come to the coast again, Nellie!

Miss Josephine Walker became the bride of Harry John Copas on January 27th. Mr. and Mrs. Copas left by the night boat for Vancouver, and on their return will make their home in Victoria. The former is a native of Calgary and the latter of Liverpool. Both have resided for a few years in this city.

We are sorry to lose Miss Young from the second floor, but her many friends wish her great success in her new sphere at Gordon's Limited, of this city.

A CORRECTION

We note in the Edmonton *Beaver* news for last month that friends have been renewing acquaintances with Mr. Florence, of the Vancouver store.

May we point out that Mr. Florence is still a member of the Victoria staff, and his numerous friends here hope he will remain with us for a long time to come.

Congratulations are offered to Mr. Crawford, our versatile shipper, on his second appointment to the position as honorary member (non-selling staff) suggestion committee. The contest was keen and short, but "Frank" forged ahead of his formidable opponents.

Congratulations to Messrs. Dunn and Heywood, who recently have been officially appointed trappers (mouse section). Every morning at 9 they can be seen going their rounds and, we have it on good authority, their combined bag the other week totalled fifty pelts. No wonder the fur department is busy.

We regret to record the passing away of Mrs. Plater, a member of our restaurant staff, who had been with us since the store opened in September, 1921. The remains were laid to rest in Ross Bay cemetery. There was a large attendance of friends, including a very large number of Hudson's Bay employees. Among the many floral tributes which covered the casket and hearse was a large pillow sent by the staff. The following acted as pallbearers: Messrs. B. L. Bond, R. Cooper, V. Webb, representing the store, and *V.* J. Smith, H. H. Hill and P. T. Luscombe.

VERNON Store News

The sympathy of the entire Vernon staff is with Mr. Mayes in his recent bereavement—the loss of his second daughter, Nina, fifteen years of age.

Miss Godwin, main floor cashier, has been a patient in the Vernon hospital recently on account of appendicitis. We all wish her a speedy recovery.

Ed. Ripley has been valiantly filling the gap in the cash desk, but all maintain that his voice is too gruff and his feet are too large to make a "cute cash girl."

Miss Livingstone, manager of the ready-to-wear department, visited Vancouver recently on a buying trip.

The new scheme for charging interest on capital seems to have succeeded, when all else failed, in bringing the new season's British merchandise in on time. Purely coincidence of course but we are deeply interested in keeping down this interest.

Mr. Lanceley suffered a severe shock the other day. While dressing a window he saw two ten-dollar bills lying on the sidewalk. He rushed out, wondering as he rushed what he would buy himself with the money, but before he got there the street was blocked from end to end and the police were separating the excited mob. Just imagine! Two ten-dollar bills!

KAMLOOPS

NEWSETTES

James S. Braidwood, assistant stores commissioner, visited our store on January the 15th while on his tour of inspection.

D. Robertson, from the head office at Winnipeg, arrived at our store on January the 15th and remained with us for a short time in order to help with the annual stocktaking.

A. McDonald, who has been with H.B.C. for eleven years and was accountant here for more than three years, has left to take the position of secretary to the B.C. Fruitlands Company.

The H.B.C. sewing circle was held at the home of Miss S. Cozens. This was the first evening we have had to devote to our sewing class since Christmas, so you may be sure we made up for lost time.

We all missed Miss Barr very much, especially when tea was served, as she is "the tadpole's teddies" when it comes to fortune telling.

We are wondering when Mr. Miller's car will be in running order again. We miss him at these sewing classes.

We are pleased to announce that Miss "Billie" Chadwick, of the dry goods department, has quite recovered from her recent illness and is at work again.

Miss Annie Pattinson, who was employed at the store during the Christmas rush, entertained a few of her friends with a musical evening on January 23rd. Those present were: Misses A. and M. Sargent, J. Dougans, M. Muir, W. Chadwick, M. McCormick, M. Cozens, M. Sanborne, N. McKinder and S. Cozens.

Miss Evelyn Barr has just returned from a trip to Vancouver and Seattle in connection with her millinery business. We are all waiting expectantly for the spring opening.

Edgar Howard Macnab, office assistant, has been promoted accountant to succeed Angus MacDonald.

"S.O.S."

"Ship ahoy!"

It is the cry of a vessel in distress! But hold! Perhaps it is but a plea for comradeship. In either case such a signal should always be heeded.

This particular S.O.S. is a call for both. Our section of *The Beaver* is in dire need both of assistance and comradeship if it would weather the breakers and come out on top. We must each do our part, for if we neglect it the Kamloops portion will sink into oblivion as any poorly manned ship would sink and will be but a memory. Nothing can live without sustenance.

This is also a call for comradeship. *The Beaver* wants us all, not just a few of us. A ship is dependent almost entirely on her crew, and so it is with our section of this publication. It is beholden to us for support. Besides, in order that the magazine will be of interest to everyone, everyone must take an active interest in it.—*E.D.*

SASKATOON

RATHER PUZZLING

Why does Mr. Faulkner smoke such a long pipe when he claims his nose is cold. Why a young man will only get three blocks from home on his way to work before he gets cold feet and turns back. We admit it was cold. Why Mr. Abbot, our worthy window dresser, always puts his money on the visiting team—and of course generally loses it. Why one of the young men in the show department forgot to dance with his fellow worker at the store dance. We always thought charity began at home.

SOLD AGAIN

Hello, 2592? Is Miss Francis Leachman there? Noticed she was not at work this morning, so thought I would call up to see how she was feeling. Feeling fine? I am glad to hear that. She will probably be in at noon then? She is not coming back? How is that? Pardon? I just don't understand you. MARRIED? How? When? Why, she was here yesterday. And so the news was gently and otherwise spread throughout the store, to the great surprise of every member of the staff. Not a single "I knew" or "I told you so" could be heard in the entire store. We must admit that Francis made a perfect job of keeping her secret. Such

members of the staff as Miss Lepine, her roommate, and Miss Hall, her present sister-in-law, were among the easy marks whom Francis found no difficulty in putting it over.

It is said that Los Angeles is to benefit by Saskatoon's loss of Mr. and Mrs. Hall.

We would like to know—why the telephone operator parked certain pieces of wearing apparel the evening of the welfare association dance. Perhaps she found them too warm.

Everyone voted the dance a huge success. The crowd was not as large as on former occasions, owing to the fact that a number of the staff were on the sick list.

We are glad to see Miss Bullock, of the jewelry department back on the job after her illness.

Miss E. Lepine has gone *up a step*—from the main to the mezzanine floor. She has taken Mrs. Couthard's place in the needlework department, which has been enlarged and remodeled.

FIRST FLOOR

Miss K. Poulson is a stranger in our midst. She will take Miss Leachman's (Mrs. M. Hall) place in the smallware department. She is already a popular member.

SECOND FLOOR

Mrs. J. E. Pearce, of the ready-to-wear, Miss D. Cornell, of the millinery, and Mr. F. Sutherland, of the staples, are in the east on buying trips.

Miss Elderbrook, of the white wear department, has been off with flu.

Miss Wald is quite interested in window trimming just now and show cards are very much in demand in department 13.

THIRD FLOOR

The third floor has had several on the sick list during the month—Miss Baird, of the office, and Miss Parsons, of the mail order department. Both are back again and feeling quite all right.

Advertising manager J. P. McNichol, who has been dangerously ill, is now on the road to recovery and is going East for convalescence. We all wish him a speedy return of good health.

Wonder what Miss Hall thought when told that her brother had married Miss Leachman? Guess she feels that she missed something when she did not go to the dance.

Miss Cowie, of the house furnishings, is on vacation.

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